

*THE Eliza Villiers*  
*Mrs. Tuthill 13<sup>th</sup>*  
**INDIAN EMPEROR.**

**OR, THE**  
*Conquest of Mexico*  
**BY THE**  
**SPANIARDS.**

Being the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*.

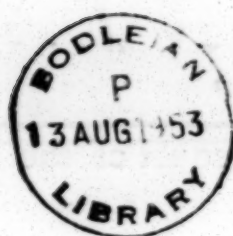
**BY**  
**Mr. DRYDEN.**

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno*  
*Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini.* OVID.

**D U B L I N :**

Printed for PETER WILSON, in *Dame-street*.

M,DCC,LIV.





To the most Excellent and most Illustrious  
P R I N C E S S

A N N E,

Dutchess of *Monmouth* and *Bucclugh*, Wife to  
the most Illustrious and High-born Prince  
J A M E S Duke of *Monmouth*.

*May it please your Grace,*

**T**HE Favour which Heroick Plays have lately found upon our Theatres, has been wholly derived to them from the Countenance and Approbation they have received at Court. The most Eminent Persons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle having so far owned them, that they have judged no way so fit as Verse to entertain a Noble Audience, or to express a noble Passion. And amongst the rest which have been written in this kind, they have been so indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconsiderable Place. Since, therefore, to the Court I owe its Fortune on

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Stage ; so, being now more publickly exposed in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Grace's Protection, who by all knowing Persons are esteem'd a principal Ornament of the Court. But though the Rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodness detain and fix them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the Sight ; but it looks up with Pain on Craggy Rocks and Barren Mountains, and continues not intent on any Object, which is wanting in Shades and Greens to entertain it. Beauty, in Courts, is so necessary to the Young, that those who are without it, seem to be there to no other Purpose than to wait on the Triumphs of the Fair ; to attend their Motions in obscurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by Day : Or, at best, to be the Refuge of those Hearts which others have despised ; and, by the Unworthiness of both, to give and take a miserable Comfort. But as needless as Beauty is, Virtue and Honour are yet more. The Reign of it without their Support is unsafe and short, like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty, wastes it ; and, when once it is decaying, the Repairs of Art are of as short Continuance, as the after Spring, when the Sun is going further off. This, *Madam*, is its ordinary Fate ; but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not subject to that common Destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the Way by an untainted Preservation of your Honour, to make that perishable Good more lasting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preserved by being mix'd, and embodied with others of their own Nature, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no Part of *Europe* can afford a Parallel to your Noble Lord, in masculine Beauty, and in Goodliness of Shape. To receive  
the



### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Blessings and Prayers of Mankind, you need only to be seen together: We are ready to conclude that you are a Pair of Angels sent below to make Virtue amiable in your Persons, or to sit to Poets when they would pleasantly instruct the Age, by drawing Goodness in the most perfect and alluring Shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I must be forced to quit it as a private Praise, since you have deserved those which are more publick. For Goodness and Humanity, which shine in you, are Virtues which concern Mankind: And by a certain Kind of Interest all People agree in their Commendation, because the Profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis so much your Inclination to do Good, that you stay not to be ask'd; which is an Approach so nigh the Deity, that human Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happiness that I can testify this Virtue of your Grace's by my own Experience; since I have so great an Aversion from soliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on those as very bold, who dare grow rich there without Desert. But I beg your Grace's Pardon for assuming this Virtue of Modesty to myself, which the Sequel of this Discourse will no way justify. For in this Address I have already quitted the Character of a modest Man, by presenting you this Poem as an Acknowledgment, which stands in need of your Protection; and which ought no more to be esteem'd a Present, than it is accounted Bounty in the Poor, when they bestow a Child on some wealthy Friend, who will better breed it up. Off-springs of this Nature are like to be so numerous with me, that I must be forced to send some of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, because I have landed him on an Hospitable Shore. Under your Patronage *Montezuma* hopes he is more safe than in

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

his Native *Indies* : And therefore comes to throw himself at your Grace's Feet ; paying that Homage to your Beauty, which he refused to the Violence of his Conquerors. He begs only that when he shall relate his Sufferings, you will consider him as an *Indian Prince*, and not expect any other Eloquence from his Simplicity, than what his Grievs have furnish'd him withal. His Story is, perhaps, the greatest, which was ever represented in a Poem of this Nature ; (the Action of it including the Discovery and Conquest of a new World.) In it I have neither wholly follow'd the Truth of the History, nor altogether left it : But have taken all the Liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminish, as I thought might best conduce to the Beautifying of my Work : It being not the Business of a Poet to represent Historical Truth, but Probability. But I am not to make the Justification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Grace's Mercy. 'Tis an irregular Piece, if compared with many of *Corneille's*, and, if I may make a Judgment of it, written with more Flame than Art ; in which it represents the Mind and Intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Design and Artifice,

M A D A M,

October 12,  
1667.

*Your Grace's most Obedient*

*and most Obliged Servant,*

JOHN DRYDEN.

# PROLOGUE.

**A**LMIGHTY Criticks! whom our Indians here  
Worship, just as they do the Devil, for Fear;  
In reverence to your Pow'r, I come this Day  
To give you timely Warning of our Play.  
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same  
We wore last Year, before the Spaniards came.  
Now if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed  
From this poor Play, be all upon your Head.  
We neither promise you one Dance, or Show,  
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:  
But you, kind Wits, will those light Faults excuse;  
Those are the common Frailties of the Muse;  
Which who observes, he buys his Place too dear:  
For 'tis your Business to be cozen'd here.  
These wretched Spies of Wit must then confess,  
They take more Pains to please themselves the less.  
Grant us such Judges, Phœbus, we request,  
As still mistake themselves into a Jest;  
Such easie Judges, that our Poet may  
Himself admire the Fortune of his Play;  
And arrogantly, as his Fellows do,  
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.  
This he conceives not hard to bring about,  
If all of you would join to help him out.  
Would each Man take but what he understands,  
And leave the rest upon the Poet's Hands.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### INDIAN MEN.

MONTEZUMA, Emperor of *Mexico*.

ODMAR, his eldest Son.

GUYOMAR, his younger Son.

ORBELLAN, Son of the late *Indian* Queen, by TRAXALLA.  
High Priest of the Sun.

### WOMEN.

CYDARIA, MONTEZUMA's Daughter.

ALMERIA, } Sisters; and Daughters to the late *Indian*  
ALIBECH, } Queen.

### SPANIARDS.

CORTEZ, the *Spanish* General.

VASQUES, } Commanders under him.  
PIZARRO, }

Scene *MEXICO*, and two Leagues about it.

THE



THE  
INDIAN EMPEROR.  
*S.T.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A pleasant Indian Country.*

*Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, with Spaniards  
and Indians of their Party.*

C O R T E Z.

**O**N what new happy Climate are we thrown,  
So long kept secret, and so lately known;  
As if our old World modestly withdrew,  
And here, in private, had brought forth a  
new!

*Vasq.* Corn, Wine, and Oil are wanting to this Ground,  
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:  
As if this Infant World, yet unarray'd,  
Naked and bare, in Nature's Lap were laid.  
No useful Arts have yet found footing here;  
But all untaught and savage does appear.

A 5

*Cort.*



*Cort.* Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone  
Invent, for Fashions differing from our own :  
For all their Customs are by Nature wrought,  
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.

*Piz.* In *Spain* our Springs, like old Mens Children be  
Decay'd and wither'd from their Infancy :  
No kindly Showers fall on our barren Earth,  
To hatch the Season in a timely Birth.  
Our Summer such a Ruffet Livery wears,  
As in a Garment often dy'd appears.

*Cort.* Here Nature spreads her fruitful Sweetness round,  
Breathes on the Air, and broods upon the Ground.  
Here Days and Nights the only Seasons be,  
The Sun no Climate does so gladly see :  
When forced from hence, to view our Parts, he mourns ;  
Takes little Journeys, and makes quick Returns.

*Vasq.* Methinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,  
Where golden Ore lies mixt with common Sand ;  
Each Downfal of a Flood the Mountains pour  
From their rich Bowels, rolls a Silver Shower.

*Cort.* Heav'n from all Ages wisely did provide  
This Wealth, and for the bravest Nation hide,  
Who with four hundred Foot and forty Horfe,  
Dare boldly go a new found World to force.

*Piz.* Our Men, tho' valiant, we should find too few,  
But *Indians* join the *Indians* to subdue ;  
*Taxallan*, shook by *Montezuma's* Powers,  
Has, to resist his Forces, call'd in ours.

*Vasq.* Rashly to arm against so great a King  
I hold not safe, nor is it just to bring  
A War, without a fair Defiance made.

*Piz.* Declare we first our Quarrel : Then invade.

*Cort.* Myself, my King's Ambassador, will go ;  
Speak, *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico* ?

*Ind.* Your Eyes can scarce so far a Prospect make,  
As to discern the City on the Lake.

But that broad Cause-way will direct your Way,  
And you may reach the Town by Noon of Day.

*Cort.* Command a Party of our *Indians* out,  
With a strict Charge not to engage, but scout ;  
By noble Ways we Conquest will prepare,  
First offer Peace, and that refused make War.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE

SCENE II. *A Temple.*

*The High Priest with other Priests. To them an Indian.*

*Ind.* Haste, holy Priest, it is the King's Command.

*Higb Pr.* When sets he forward?

*Ind.* — He is near at Hand.

*Higb Pr.* The Incense is upon the Altar plac'd,  
The bloody Sacrifice already past.  
Five hundred Captives saw the rising Sun,  
Who lost their Light ere half his Race was run,  
That which remains we here must celebrate;  
Where far from Noise, without the City Gate,  
The peaceful Power that governs Love repairs,  
To feast upon soft Vows and silent Prayers,  
We for his Royal Presence only stay,  
To end the Rites of this so solemn Day. [*Exit Indian.*

*Enter Montezuma, his eldest Son Odmar, his Daughter  
Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, and Train.  
They place themselves.*

*Higb Pr.* On your Birth-day, while we sing  
To our Gods and to our King,  
Her, among this beauteous Quire,  
Whose Perfections you admire,  
Her, who fairest does appear,  
Crown her Queen of all the Year,  
Of the Year and of the Day,  
And at her Feet your Garland lay.

*Odm.* My Father this Way does his Looks direct,  
Heav'n grant he give it not where I suspect.

[*Montezuma rises, goes about the Ladies, and, at  
length, stays at Almeria, and bows.*

*Mont.* Since my *Orazia's* Death, I have not seen  
A Beauty so deserving to be Queen,  
As fair *Almeria*.

*Alm.* — Sure he will not know

[*To her Brother and Sister, aside.*

My Birth I to that injur'd Princess owe,  
Whom his hard Heart not only Love deny'd,  
But in her Sufferings took unmanly Pride.

*Alib.* Since *Montezuma* will his Choice renew,  
In dead *Orazia's* Room electing you,

'Twill

'Twill please our Mother's Ghost that you succeed  
To all the Glories of her Rival's Bed.

*Alm.* If News be carry'd to the Shades below,  
The *Indian Queen* will be more pleas'd, to know  
That I his Scorns on him, who scorn'd her, pay.

*Orb.* Would you could right her some more noble Way.

*[She turns to him who is kneeling all this while.]*

*Mont.* Madam, this Posture is for Heaven design'd,  
*[kneeling.]*

And what moves Heav'n, I hope may make you kind.

*Alm.* Heav'n may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,  
And Crimes below cost little to forgive.

By thee, inhuman, both my Parents dy'd;  
One by thy Sword, the other by thy Pride.

*Mont.* My haughty Mind no Fate could ever bow,  
Yet I must stoop to one who scorns me now:  
Is there no Pity to my Sufferings due?

*Alm.* As much as what my Mother found from you.

*Mont.* Your Mother's Wrongs a Recompence shall meet;  
I lay my Sceptre at her Daughter's Feet.

*Alm.* He, who does now my least Commands obey,  
Would call me Queen, and take my Pow'r away.

*Odm.* Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?  
Is Love so pow'rful, or his Soul so weak?

I'll fright her from it. Madam, though you see  
The King is kind, I hope your Modesty  
Will know, what Distance to the Crown is due.

*Alm.* Distance and Modesty prescrib'd by you?

*Odm.* *Almeria* dares not think such Thoughts as these.

*Alm.* She dares both think and act what Thoughts she  
please.

'Tis much below me on his Throne to sit;  
But when I do, you shall Petition it.

*Odm.* If, Sir, *Almeria* does your Bed partake,  
I mourn for my forgotten Mother's Sake.

*Mont.* When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,  
Let Streams prescribe their Fountains where to run.

*Odm.* In all I urge, I keep my Duty still,  
Not rule your Reason, but instruct your Will.

*Mont.* Small Use of Reason in that Prince is shown,  
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

*[Almeria to Orbellan and Alibech, who are this  
while whispering to her.]*

*Alm.*

*Alm.* No, he shall ever love, and always be  
The Subject of my Scorn and Cruelty.

*Orb.* To prove the lasting Torment of his Life,  
You must not be his Mistress, but his Wife.  
Few know what Care an Husband's Peace destroys,  
His real Grievs, and his dissembled Joys.

*Alm.* What Mark of pleasing Vengeance could be  
If I to break his Quiet lose my own! [shown,

*Orb.* A Brother's Life upon your Love relies,  
Since I do Homage to *Cydaria's* Eyes:  
How can her Father to my Hopes be kind,  
If in your Heart, he no Example find?

*Alm.* To save your Life I'll suffer any thing,  
Yet I'll not flatter this tempestuous King;  
But work his stubborn Soul a nobler way,  
And, if he love, I'll force him to obey.  
I take this Garland, not as given by you, [To Mont.  
But as my Merit, and my Beauty's due.  
As for the Crown that you, my Slave, possess,  
To share it with you would but make me less.

*Enter Guyomar hastily.*

*Odm.* My Brother *Guyomar*! methinks I spy  
Haste in his Steps, and Wonder in his Eye.

*Mont.* I sent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell  
The Cause of thy Return, are all things well?

*Guy.* I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,  
To view the utmost Limits of the Land:  
To that Sea-shore where no more World is found,  
But foaming Billows breaking on the Ground,  
Where, for a while, my Eyes no Object met  
But distant Skies that in the Ocean set:  
And low hung Clouds that dipt themselves in Rain,  
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.

At last, as far as I could cast my Eyes  
Upon the Sea, somewhat methought did rise  
Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,  
Took dreadful Shapes, and mov'd towards the Shore.

*Mont.* What Forms did these new Wonders represent?

*Guy.* More strange than what your Wonder can invent.  
The Object I could first distinctly view  
Was tall straight Trees which on the Waters flew,

Wings



Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,  
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow :  
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,  
Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

*Mont.* What divine Monsters, O ye Gods, were these  
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!  
Came they alive or dead upon the Shore?

*Guy.* Alas! they lived too sure, I heard them roar:  
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,  
I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.  
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,  
Or these the younger Brothers of the Sky.  
Deaf with the Noise I took my hasty Flight,  
No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

*Hib Pr.* Old Prophecies foretell our Fall at hand,  
When bearded Men in floating Castles land.  
I fear it is of dire Portent.

*Mont.* — Go see  
What it fore-shows, and what the Gods decree.  
Mean Time proceed we to what Rites remain.  
*Odmar*, of all this Presence does contain,  
Give her your Wreath whom you esteem most fair.

*Odm.* Above the rest I judge one Beauty rare,  
And may that Beauty prove as kind to me

[*He gives Alibech the Wreath.*]

As I am sure fair *Alibech* is she.

*Mont.* You *Guyomar* must next perform your Part.

*Guy.* I want a Garland, but I'll give a Heart:  
My Brother's Pardon I must first implore,  
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.

*Odm.* That all should *Alibech* adore, 'tis true;  
But some Respect is to my Birth-right due.  
My Claim to her by Eldership I prove.

*Guy.* Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

*Odm.* I long have staid for this Solemnity  
To make my Passion publick.

*Guy.* — So have I.

*Odm.* But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,  
My Heart received the first Wounds which she gave:  
I watch'd the early Glories of her Eyes,  
As Men for Day-break watch the Eastern Skies.

*Guy.*



*Guy.* It seems my Soul then mov'd the quicker Pace;  
Yours first set out, mine reach'd her in the Race.

*Mont.* *Odm.*, your Choice I cannot disapprove;  
Nor justly, *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.  
To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,  
And let her Sentence finish your Dispute.

*Alib.* You think me, Sir, a Mistress quickly won,  
So soon to finish what is scarce begun:  
In this Surprise should I a Judgment make,  
'Tis answering Riddles ere I'm well awake:  
If you oblige me suddenly to chuse,  
The Choice is made, for I must both refuse.  
For to myself I owe this due Regard,  
Not to make Love my Gift, but my Reward.  
Time best will shew whose Services will last.

*Odm.* Then judge my future Service by my past.  
What I shall be, by what I was, you know:  
That Love took deepest Root, which first did grow.

*Guy.* That Love which first was set, will first decay,  
Mine of a fresher Date will longer stay.

*Odm.* Still you forget my Birth.

*Guy.* — But you, I see,  
Take care still to refresh my Memory.

*Mont.* My Sons, let your unseemly Discord cease,  
If not in Friendship, live at least in Peace.

*Orbellan*, where you Love, bestow your Wreath.

*Orb.* My Love I dare not, ev'n in Whispers, breathe.

*Mont.* A virtuous Love may venture any thing.

*Orb.* Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.

*Mont.* Whither is all my former Fury gone?

Once more I have *Traxalla's* Chains put on,

And by his Children am in Triumph led:

Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!

*Alm.* You think my Brother born your Enemy,  
He's of *Traxalla's* Blood, and so am I.

*Mont.* In vain I strive,  
My Lyon-heart is with Love's Toils beset,  
Struggling I fall still deeper in the Net.  
*Cydaria*, your new Lover's Garland take,  
And use him kindly for your Father's sake.

*Cyd.* So strong an Hatred does my Nature sway,  
That spite of Duty I must disobey.

Besides

Besides you warn'd me still of loving two,  
Can I love him, already loving you.

*Enter a Guard hastily.*

*Mont.* You look amaz'd, as if some sudden Fear,  
Had seiz'd your Hearts; is any Danger near?

*1 Guard.* Behind the Covert where this Temple stands,  
Thick as the Shades, there issue swarming Bands  
Of ambush'd Men, whom by their Arms and Drefs,  
To be *Taxallan* Enemies I guess.

*2 Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almost compass'd round.

*Mont.* Some speedy way for Passage must be found.  
Make to the City by the Postern Gate,  
I'll either force my Victory, or Fate;  
A glorious Death in Arms I'll rather prove,  
Than stay to perish tamely by my Love.

*An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, as pursued by Taxallans.*

*Mont.* No Succour from the Town?

*Odm.* ——— None, none is nigh.

*Guy.* We are inclos'd, and must resolve to die.

*Mont.* Fight for Revenge, now Hope of Life is past;  
But one Stroke more, and that will be my last.

*Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, to the Taxallans:*  
*Cortez slays them, just falling on.*

*Cort.* Contemn'd? my Orders broke ev'n in my Sight!  
Did I not strictly charge you should not Fight?

*[To his Indians.]*

*Ind.* Your Choler, General, does unjustly rise,  
To see your Friends pursue your Enemies;  
The greatest and most cruel Foes we have  
Are these, whom you would ignorantly save.  
By ambush'd Men, behind their Temple laid,  
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.

*Cort.* Where, banish'd Virtue, wilt thou shew thy Face,  
If Treachery infects thy *Indian* Race?  
Dismiss your Rage, and lay your Weapons by:  
Know I protect them, and they shall not die.

*Ind.* O wond'rous Mercy shown to Foes distress!

*Cort.* Call them not so, when once with Odds oppress'd;  
Nor

Nor are they Foes my Clemency defends,  
Until they have refus'd the Name of Friends :  
Draw up our *Spaniards* by themselves, then fire  
Our Guns on all who do not straight retire. [*To Vasq.*

*Ind.* O Mercy, Mercy, at thy Feet we fall,  
[*Indians kneeling.*

Before thy roaring Gods destroy us all :  
See we retreat without the least Reply,  
Keep thy Gods silent, if they speak we die.

[*The Taxallans retire.*

*Mont.* The fierce *Taxallans* lay their Weapons down,  
Some Miracle in our Relief is shown.

*Guy.* These bearded Men, in Shape and Colour be  
Like those I saw come floating on the Sea.

[*Mont. kneels to Cort.*

*Mont.* Patron of *Mexico* and God of Wars,  
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars—

*Cort.* Great Monarch, your Devotion you misplace.

*Mont.* Thy Actions show thee born of heav'nly Race.  
If then thou art that cruel God, whose Eyes  
Delight in Blood, and human Sacrifice,  
Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will store,  
And feed thy Nostrils with hot reeking Gore ;  
Or if that mild and gentle God thou be,  
Who dost Mankind below with Pity see,  
With Breath of Incense I will glad thy Heart ;  
But if like us, of mortal Seed thou art,  
Presents of choicest Fowls, and Fruits I'll bring,  
And in my Realms thou shalt be more than King.

*Cort.* Monarch of Empires, and deserving more  
Than the Sun sees upon your Western Shore ;  
Like you a Man, and hither led by Fame,  
Not by Constraint but by my Choice I came ;  
Ambassador of Peace, if Peace you chuse,  
Or Herald of a War, if you refuse.

*Mont.* Whence or from whom dost thou these Offers  
bring ?

*Cort.* From *Charles* the Fifth, the World's most potent  
King.

*Mont.* Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,  
For to this Hour I never heard his Name.

The two great Empires of the World I know,  
That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico* ;

And

And since the Earth none larger does afford,  
This *Charles* is some poor tributary Lord.

*Cort.* You speak of that small Part of Earth you know,  
But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,  
And watry Desarts of so vast Extent,  
That passing hither, four full Moons we spent.

*Mont.* But say, what News, what Offers dost thou bring  
From so remote, and so unknown a King?

[*While Vafq. speaks, Cort. spies the Ladies and goes to them;  
entertaining Cydaria with Courtship in dumb Show.*

*Vafq.* Spain's mighty Monarch, to whom Heav'n thinks  
That all the Nations of the Earth submit, [fit,

In gracious Clemency, does condescend  
On these Conditions to become your Friend.  
First, that of him you shall your Sceptre hold;  
Next, you present him with your useless Gold:  
Last, that you leave those Idols you implore,  
And one true Deity with him adore.

*Mont.* You speak your Prince a mighty Emperor,  
But his Demands have spoke him Proud and Poor;  
He proudly at my free-born Sceptre flies,  
Yet poorly begs a Metal I despise.

Gold thou may'st take, ~~whatsoever~~ *whatsoever* thou can'st find,  
Save what for sacred Uses is design'd:

But, by what Right pretends your King to be  
The Sov'reign Lord of all the World and me?

*Piz.* The Sovereign Priest,——

Who represents on Earth the Pow'r of Heav'n,  
Has this your Empire to our Monarch giv'n.

*Mont.* Ill does he represent the Pow'rs above,  
Who nourishes Debate, not preaches Love:  
Besides, what greater Folly can be shown?  
He gives another what is not his own.

*Vafq.* His Pow'r must needs unquestion'd be below,  
For he in Heav'n an Empire can bestow.

*Mont.* Empires in Heav'n he with more Ease may give,  
And you perhaps would with less Thanks receive;  
But Heav'n has need of no such Vice-roy here,  
Itself bestows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.

*Piz.* You wrong his Pow'r as you mistake our End,  
Who came thus far Religion to extend.

*Mont.* He who Religion truly understands,  
Knows its Extent must be in Men, not Lands. *Odm.*



*Odm.* But who are those that Truth must propagate  
Within the Confines of my Father's State?

*Vasq.* Religious Men, who hither must be sent  
As awful Guides of heavenly Government;  
To teach you Penance, Fasts, and Abstinence,  
To punish Bodies for the Souls Offence.

*Mont.* Cheaply you Sin, and punish Crimes with Ease,  
Not as th' offended, but th' Offenders please.  
First injure Heav'n, and when its Wrath is due,  
Yourself prescribe it how to punish you.

*Odm.* What Numbers of these holy Men must come?

*Piz.* You shall not want, each Village shall have some;  
Who, tho' the Royal Dignity they own,  
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

*Guy.* Depend on none! you treat them sure in State,  
For 'tis their Plenty does their Pride create.

*Mont.* Those ghostly Kings would parcel out my Pow'r,  
And all the Fatness of my Land devour;  
That Monarch sits not safely on his Throne,  
Who bears, within, a Power that shocks his own.  
They teach Obedience to Imperial Sway,  
But think it Sin if they themselves obey.

*Vasq.* It seems then our Religion you accuse,  
And peaceful Homage to our King refuse.

*Mont.* Your Gods I slight not, but will keep my own;  
My Crown is absolute and holds of none;  
I cannot in a base Subjection live,  
Nor suffer you to take, tho' I would give.

*Cort.* Is this your Answer, Sir?

*Mont.* ——— This, as a Prince,  
Bound to my People's and my Crown's Defence,  
I must return, but, as a Man by you  
Redeem'd from Death, all Gratitude is due.

*Cort.* It was an Act my Honour bound me to:  
But what I did, were I again to do,  
I could not do it on my Honour's score,  
For Love would now oblige me to do more.  
Is no way left that we may yet agree?  
Must I have War, yet have no Enemy?

*Vasq.* He has refus'd all Terms of Peace to take.

*Mont.* Since we must Fight, hear Heav'n's, what  
Prayers I make;

First,



First, to preserve this ancient State and me,  
But if your Doom the Fall of both Decree,  
Grant only he who has such Honour shown,  
When I am Dust, may fill my empty Throne.

*Cort.* To make me happier than that Wish can do,  
Lies not in all your Gods to grant, but you ;  
Let this fair Princess but one Minute stay,  
A Look from her will your Obligements pay.

[*Exeunt Montezuma, Odmarr, Guyomar, Orbellan,  
Almeria, and Alibech.*]

*Mont.* to *Cyd.* Your Duty in your quick Return be shown.  
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town.

[*To his Guards.*]

[*Cydaria is going, but turns and looks back upon  
Cortez, who is looking on her all this while.*]

*Cyd.* My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go,  
Sure I have something lost or left behind! [*Aside.*]

*Cort.* Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,  
I on her Beauty gaze 'till I am blind. [*Aside.*]

*Cyd.* Thick Breath, quick Pulse, and heaving of my  
Heart,

All Signs of some unwonted Change appear :  
I find myself unwilling to depart,

And yet I know not why I would be here.  
Stranger, you raise such Torments in my Breast,  
That when I go (if I must go again)

I'll tell my Father you have robb'd my Rest,  
And to him of your Injuries complain.

*Cort.* Unknown, I swear, those Wrongs were which  
I wrought,

But my Complaints will much more just appear,  
Who from another World my Freedom brought,

And to your conquering Eyes have lost it here.

*Cyd.* Where is that other World from whence you  
came ?

*Cort.* Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.

*Cyd.* Your other World, I fear, is then the same  
That Souls must go to when the Body dies.

But what's the Cause that keeps you here with me ?

That I may know what keeps me here with you ?

*Cort.* Mine is a Love which must perpetual be,  
If you can be so just as I am true.

*Enter*

*Enter Orbellan.*

*Orb.* Your Father wonders much at your Delay.

*Cyd.* So great a Wonder for so small a stay !

*Orb.* He has commanded you with me to go.

*Cyd.* Has he not sent to bring the Stranger too ?

*Orb.* If he To-morrow dares in Fight appear,  
His high plac'd Love perhaps may cost him dear.

*Cort.* Dares—that Word was never spoke to *Spaniard*  
yet,

But forfeited his Life who gave him it ;  
Haste quickly with thy Pledge of Safety hence,  
Thy Guilt's protected by her Innocence.

*Cyd.* Sure in some fatal Hour my Love was born,  
So soon o'ercast with Absence in the Morn !

*Cort.* Turn hence those pointed Glories of your Eyes,  
For if more Charms beneath those Circles rise,  
So weak my Virtue, they so strong appear,  
I shall turn Ravisher to keep you here. [*Exeunt omnes.*]



## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the* MAGICIAN's Cave.

*Enter Montezuma, and High Priest.*

*Mont.* NOT that I fear the utmost Fate can do,  
Come I th' Event of doubtful War to know,  
For Life and Death are things indifferent,  
Each to be chose as either brings Content ;  
My Motive from a nobler Cause does spring,  
Love rules my Heart, and is your Monarch's King ;  
I more desire to know *Almeria's* Mind,  
Than all that Heav'n has for my State design'd.

*High Pr.* By powerful Charms which nothing can  
withstand,  
I'll force the Gods to tell what you demand.

CHARM

## CHARM.

Thou Moon, that aid'st us with thy Magick Might,  
 And ye small Stars, the scatter'd Seeds of Light,  
 Dart your pale Beams into this gloomy Place,  
 That the sad Powers of the infernal Race  
 May read above what's hid from human Eyes,  
 And in your Walks, see Empires fall and rise.  
 And ye immortal Souls who once were Men,  
 And now resolv'd to Elements again,  
 Who wait for mortal Frames in Depths below,  
 And did before what we are doom'd to do ;  
 Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my sacred Wand,  
 Ascend, ascend, ascend at my Command.

[An earthly Spirit rises.

*Spir.* In vain, O mortal Men, your Prayers implore  
 The Aid of Powers below, which want it more :  
 A God more strong, who all the Gods commands,  
 Drives us to Exile from our native Lands ;  
 The Air swarms thick with wandering Deities,  
 Which drowsily like humming Beetles rise  
 From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we slept,  
 And far from Heaven a long Possession kept.  
 The frighted Satyrs that in Woods delight,  
 Now into Plains with prick'd up Ears take Flight ;  
 And scudding thence, while they their Horn-feet ply,  
 About their Sires the little *Silvans* cry.  
 A Nation loving Gold must rule this Place,  
 Our Temples ruin, and our Rites deface :  
 To them, O King, is thy lost Sceptre giv'n,  
 Now mourn thy fatal Search, for since wise Heav'n  
 More Ill than Good to Mortals does dispense,  
 It is not safe to have too quick a Sense.

[Descends.

*Mont.* Mourn they who think repining can remove  
 The firm Decrees of those who rule above ;  
 The brave are safe within, who still dare die :  
 Whene'er I fall, I'll scorn my Destiny.  
 Doom as they please my Empire not to stand,  
 I'll grasp my Sceptre with my dying Hand.

*High Pr.* Those Earthly Spirits black and envious are,  
 I'll call up other Gods of Form more fair :  
 Who Visions dress in pleasing Colour still,  
 Set all the Good to shew, and hide the Ill.

Kalib

*Kalib* ascend, my fair-spoke Servant rise,  
And sooth my Heart with pleasing Prophecies.

*Kalib* ascends all in white, in shape of a Woman, and  
Sings.

*Kal.* I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,  
Where many Days did low'r,  
When lo one happy Hour  
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State ;  
A Day shall come when in thy Power  
Thy cruel Foes shall be ;  
Then shall thy Land be free,  
And thou in Peace shall reign.

But take, O take that Opportunity,  
Which once refus'd will never come again. [Descends.

*Mont.* I shall deserve my Fate, if I refuse  
That happy Hour which Heaven allots to use ;  
But of my Crown thou too much Care do'st take,  
That which I value more, my Love's at Stake.

*Highb Pr.* Arise ye subtle Spirits that can spy,  
When Love is enter'd in a Female's Eye ;  
You that can read it in the midst of Doubt,  
And in the midst of Frowns can find it out ;  
You that can search those many corner'd Minds,  
Where Women's crooked Fancy turns and winds ;  
You that can Love expose, and Truth impart,  
Where both lie deepest hid in Woman's Heart,  
Arise———

[The Ghosts of Trazalla and Acacis arise, they stand  
still and point at Montezuma.

*Highb Pr.* I did not for these ghastly Visions send,  
Their sudden coming does some ill portend.  
Begone—begone—they will not disappear,  
My Soul is seiz'd with an unusual Fear.

*Mont.* Point on, point on, and see whom you can fright,  
Shame and Confusion seize these Shades of Night ;  
Ye thin and empty Forms, am I your Sport ? [They smile.  
If you were Flesh———

You know you durst not use me in this sort.

[The Ghost of the Indian Queen rises betwixt the  
Ghosts, with a Dagger in her Breast.

*Mont.*



Mont. Ha!

I feel my Hair grow stiff, my Eye-balls rowl,  
This is the only Form could shake my Soul.

Ghost. *The Hopes of thy successless Love resign,  
Know, Montezuma, thou art only mine;  
For those who here on Earth their Passion show  
By Death for Love; receive their Right below.  
Why dost thou then delay my longing Arms?  
Have Cares, and Age, and mortal Life such Charms!  
The Moon grows sickly at the Sight of Day,  
And early Cocks have summon'd me away:  
Yet I'll appoint a meeting Place below,  
For there fierce Winds o'er dusky Vallies blow.  
Whose every Puff bears empty Shades away,  
Which guideless in those dark Dominions stray.  
Just at the Entrance of the Fields below,  
Thou shalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,  
Safe in its hollow Trunk I will attend,  
And seize thy Spirit when thou dost descend.* [Descends.

Mont. I'll seize thee there thou Messenger of Fate:  
Would my short Life had yet a shorter Date!  
I'm weary of this Flesh which holds us here,  
And dastards manly Souls with Hope and Fear;  
These heats and colds still in our Breasts make War,  
Agues and Fevers all our Passions are. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Cydaria and Alibech, betwixt the two Armies.*

Alib. Blessings will crown your Name if you prevent  
That Blood, which in this Battle will be spent;  
Nor need you fear so just a Suit to move,  
Which both becomes your Duty and your Love.

Cyd. But think you he will come? their Camp is near,  
And he already knows I wait him here.

Alib. You are too young your Power to understand;  
Lovers take wing upon the least Command;  
Already he is here.

*Enter Cortez and Vasquez to them.*

Cort. Methinks like two black Storms on either Hand,  
Our Spanish Army and your Indians stand;

This



This only Space betwixt the Clouds is clear,  
Where you, like Day, broke loose from both appear.

*Cyd.* Those closing Skies might still continue bright,  
But who can help it if you'll make it Night?  
The Gods have given you Power of Life and Death,  
Like them to save or ruin with a Breath.

*Cort.* That Power they to your Father did dispose,  
'Twas in his Choice to make us Friends or Foes.

*Alib.* Injurious Strength would Rapine still excuse,  
By offering Terms the Weaker must refuse;  
And such as these your hard Conditions are,  
You threaten Peace, and yet invite a War.

*Cort.* If for myself to conquer here I came,  
You might perhaps my Actions justly blame:  
Now I am sent, and am not to Dispute  
My Prince's Orders, but to execute.

*Alib.* He, who his Prince so blindly does obey,  
To keep his Faith his Virtue throws away.

*Cort.* Monarchs may err, but should each private Breast  
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best.

*Cyd.* Then all your Care is for your Prince I see,  
Your Truth to him out-weighs your Love to me;  
You may so cruel to deny me prove,  
But never after that pretend to Love.

*Cort.* Command my Life, and I will soon obey,  
To save my Honour I my Blood will pay.

*Cyd.* What is this Honour which does Love controul?

*Cort.* A raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul;  
A painful Burden which great Minds must bear,  
Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear.

*Cyd.* Lay down that Burden if it painful grow,  
You'll find, without it, Love will lighter go.

*Cort.* Honour once lost is never to be found.

*Alib.* Perhaps he looks to have both Passions crown'd.  
First dye his Honour in a purple Flood,  
Then court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.

*Cort.* The Edge of War I'll from the Battle take,  
And spare her Father's Subjects for her sake.

*Cyd.* I cannot love you less when I'm refus'd,  
But I can die to be unkindly us'd;  
Where shall a Maid's distracted Heart find rest,  
If she can miss it in her Lover's Breast?

*Cort.* I till To-morrow will the Fight delay,  
Remember you have conquer'd me to Day.

*Alib.* This Grant destroys all you have urg'd before,  
Honour could not give this, or can give more;  
Our Women in the foremost Ranks appear,  
March to the Fight, and meet your Mistrefs there:  
Into the thickest Squadrons she must run,  
Kill her, and see what Honour will be won.

*Cyd.* I must be in the Battle, but I'll go  
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;  
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal Strife,  
For fear its Point should reach your noble Life.

*Enter Pizarro.*

*Cort.* No more, your Kindness wounds me to the  
Death:

Honour begone, what art thou but a Breath?  
I'll live, proud of my Infamy and Shame,  
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lover's Name;  
Men can but say, Love did his Reason blind,  
And Love's the noblest Frailty of the Mind.  
Draw off my Men, the War's already done.

*Piz.* Your Orders come too late, the Fight's begun,  
The Enemy gives on with Fury led,  
And fierce *Orbellan* combats in their Head.

*Cort.* He justly fears a Peace with me would prove  
Of ill Concernment to his haughty Love:  
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet  
New Honour, but to lay it at your Feet.

*[Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez and Pizarro.]*

*Enter Odmar and Guyomar to Alibech and Cydaria.*

*Odm.* Now, Madam, since a Danger does appear  
Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,  
Give leave to him who may in Battle die,  
Before his Death to ask his Destiny.

*Guy.* He cannot die whom you command to live,  
Before the Fight you can the Conquest give;  
Speak where you'll place it?

*Alib.* ——— Briefly then to both,  
One I in secret Love, the other loath;

But

But where I hate, my Hate, I will not show,  
And he I love, my Love shall never know ;  
True Worth shall gain me, that it may be said,  
Desert, not Fancy, once a Woman led.  
He who in Fight his Courage shall oppose  
With most Success against his Country's Foes,  
From me shall all that Recompence receive  
That Valour merits, or that Love can give :  
'Tis true my Hopes and Fears are all for one,  
But Hopes and Fears are to myself alone.  
Let him not shun the Danger of the Strife,  
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.

*Odm.* All Obstacles my Courage shall remove.

*Guy.* Fall on, fall on.

*Odm.* ——— For Liberty.

*Guy.* ——— For Love. [*Exeunt, the Women following.*]

S C E N E changes to the Indian Country.

*Enter Montezuma attended by the Indians.*

*Mont.* Charge, charge, their Ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,

Bold in close Ambush, base in open Field :

The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong :

Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I, when I was young. [*Exit.*]

*Alarm.* *Enter Cortez bloody.*

*Cort.* Furies pursue these false *Taxallans* Flight ?

Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not Fight ?

What Friends can Cowards be, what Hopes appear

Of help from such, who where they hate show Fear !

*Enter Pizarro and Vasquez.*

*Piz.* The Field grows thin, and those that now remain,  
Appear but like the Shadows of the Slain.

*Vasq.* The fierce old King is vanish'd from the Place,  
And in a Cloud of Dust pursues the Chase.

*Cort.* Their eager Chase disorder'd does appear,  
Command our Horse to charge them in the rear ; [*To Piz.*  
You to our old *Castilian* Foot retire, [*To Vasq.*  
Who yet stand firm, and at their Backs give Fire.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Odmar and Guyomar, meeting each other in the Battle.*

*Odm.* Where hast thou been since first the Fight began,  
Thou less than Woman in the shape of Man?

*Guy.* Where I have done what may thy Envy move,  
Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.

*Odm.* Two bold *Taxallans*, with one Dart I slew,  
And left it sticking e're my Sword I drew.

*Guy.* I fought not Honour on so base a Train,  
Such Cowards by our Women may be slain;  
I fell'd along a Man of bearded Face,  
His Limbs all cover'd with a shining Case:  
So wond'rous hard, and so secure of wound,  
It made my Sword, tho' edg'd with Flint, rebound.

*Odm.* I kill'd a double Man, the one half lay  
Upon the Ground, the other ran away.

*[Guns go off within.]*

*Enter Montezuma out of Breath, with him Alibech and an Indian.*

*Mont.* All's lost———

Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder fight,  
My Men in vain shun Death by shameful Flight;  
For Deaths invisible come wing'd with Fire,  
They hear a dreadful Noise, and straight expire.  
Take, Gods, that Soul ye did in spite create,  
And made it Great to be unfortunate:  
Ill Fate for me unjustly you provide,  
Great Souls are Sparks of your own heav'nly Pride:  
That Lust of Pow'r we from your God-heads have,  
You're bound to please those Appetites you gave.

*Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with Spaniards.*

*Vasq.* Pizarro, I have hunted hard to Day  
Into our Toils the noblest of the Prey;  
Seize on the King, and him your Pris'ner make,  
While I in kind Revenge my Taker take.

*[Pizarro with two goes to attack the King, Vasquez with another to seize Alibech.]*

*Guy.*



Guy. Their Danger is alike, whom shall I free?

Odm. I'll follow Love.

Guy. — I'll follow Piety.

[Odm. retreats from Vasquez with Alibech off the Stage, Guyomar fights for his Father.

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that Life you gave,  
Mine is well lost, if I your Life can save.

[Montezuma fights off, Guyomar making his retreat, slays.

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to 'scape them all,  
Stay, let me see where noblest I may fall.

[He runs at Vasquez, is seiz'd behind and taken.

Vasq. Conduct him off,  
And give Command he strictly guarded be.

Guy. In vain are Guards, Death sets the Valiant free.  
[Exit Guyomar with Guards.

Vasq. A glorious Day! and bravely was it fought,  
Great Fame our General in great Danger fought;  
From his strong Arm I saw his Rival run,  
And in a Crowd th' unequal Combat shun.

Enter Cortez leading Cydaria, who seems crying, and begging of him.

Cort. Man's Force is fruitless, and your Gods would fail,  
To save the City, but your Tears prevail;  
I'll of my Fortune no Advantage make,  
Those Terms they had once giv'n, they still may take.

Cyd. Heav'n has of Right all Victory design'd,  
Where boundless Pow'r dwells in a Will confin'd;  
Your Spanish Honour does the World excel.

Cort. Our greatest Honour is in loving well.

Cyd. Strange Ways you practise there to win a Heart,  
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.

Cort. Love is with us as natural as here,  
But fetter'd up with Customs more severe.  
In tedious Courtship we declare our Pain,  
And e're we Kindness find, first meet Disdain.

Cyd. If Women love, they needless Pains endure,  
Their Pride and Folly but delay their Cure.

Cort. What you mis-call their Folly, is their Care,  
They know how fickle common Lovers are:

Their Oaths and Vows are cautiously believ'd,  
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.

*Cyd.* But if they are not trusted when they vow,  
What other Marks of Passion can they show?

*Cort.* With Feasts and Musick, all that brings Delight,  
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight.

*Cyd.* Your Gallants sure have little Eloquence,  
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sense:  
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a Crowd they woo,  
When true Felicity is but in two;  
But can such Toys your Women's Passions move?  
This is but Noise and Tumult, 'tis not Love.

*Cort.* I have no Reason, Madam, to excuse  
Those Ways of Gallantry I did not use;  
My Love was true, and on a nobler Score.

*Cyd.* Your Love! alas! then have you lov'd before?

*Cort.* 'Tis true I lov'd, but she is dead, she's dead,  
And I shou'd think with her all Beauty fled;  
Did not her fair Resemblance live in you,  
And by that Image, my first Flames renew.

*Cyd.* Ah happy Beauty whosoe'er thou art!  
'Tho' dead thou keep'st Possession of his Heart;  
Thou mak'st me jealous to the last Degree,  
And art my Rival in his Memory;  
Within his Memory, ah! more than so,  
Thou liv'st and triumph'st o'er *Cydaria* too.

*Cort.* What strange Disquiet has uncalm'd your Breast,  
Inhuman Fair, to rob the Dead of Rest!  
Poor Heart! she slumbers in her silent Tomb,  
Let her possess in Peace that narrow Room.

*Cyd.* Poor Heart! he pities and bewails her Death!  
Some God, much hated Soul, restore thy Breath,  
That I may kill thee; but some Ease 'twill be,  
I'll kill myself for but resembling thee.

*Cort.* I dread your Anger, your Disquiet fear,  
But Blows from Hands so soft who would not bear?  
So kind a Passion why should I remove?  
Since Jealousie but shows how well we love.  
Yet Jealousie so strange I never knew,  
Can she who loves me not, disquiet you?  
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Breast,  
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at Rest.

*Cyd.*

*Cyd.* That she no longer loves, brings no Relief,  
Your Love to her still lives, and that's my Grief.

*Cort.* The Object of Desire once ta'en away,  
'Tis then not Love but Pity which we pay.

*Cyd.* 'Tis such a Pity I should never have,  
When I must lie forgotten in the Grave;  
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,  
That after me you should love none beside.  
But you are false already.

*Cort.* — If untrue,  
By Heav'n my Falshood is to her, not you.

*Cyd.* Observe, sweet Heav'n, how falsely he does swear,  
You said you lov'd me for resembling her.

*Cort.* That Love was in me by Resemblance bred,  
But shews you chear'd my Sorrows for the Dead.

*Cyd.* You still repeat the Greatness of your Grief.

*Cort.* If that was great, how great was the Relief?

*Cyd.* The first Love still the strongest we account.

*Cort.* That seems more strong which could the first  
surmount:

But if you still continue thus unkind,  
Whom I love best, you by my Death shall find.

*Cyd.* If you should die, my Death should yours pursue,  
But yet I am not satisfy'd you're true.

*Cort.* Hear me, ye Gods, and punish him you hear,  
If aught within the Word I hold so dear.

*Cyd.* You would deceive the Gods and me, she's dead,  
And is not in the World, whose Love I dread.  
Name not the World, say nothing is so dear.

*Cort.* Then nothing is, let that secure your Fear.

*Cyd.* 'Tis Time must wear it off, but I must go.  
Can you your Constancy in Absence show?

*Cort.* Mis-doubt my Constancy, and do not try,  
But stay and keep me ever in your Eye.

*Cyd.* If as a Pris'ner I were here, you might  
Have then insisted on a Conqu'ror's Right,  
And stay'd me here; but now my Love would be  
Th' Effect of Force, and I would give it free.

*Cort.* To doubt your Virtue or your Love were Sin!  
Call for the Captive Prince, and bring him in.

*Enter Guyomar bound and sad.*

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear.

[To Guyomar.

Are *Spanish* Fetters then so hard to wear?  
Fortune's unjust, she ruins oft the Brave,  
And him who would be Victor, makes the Slave.

*Guy.* Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be  
But glorious for me, since put on by thee;  
The Ills of Love, not those of Fate, I fear,  
These can I brave, but those I cannot bear;  
My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,  
In Freedom reaps the Fruit of all my Pains.

*Cort.* Let it be never said, that he whose Breast  
Is fill'd with Love, should break a Lover's Rest;  
Haste, lose no Time, your Sister sets you free.  
And tell the King, my generous Enemy,  
I offer still those Terms he had before,  
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

*Guy.* Brother (that Name my Breast shall ever own,  
[He embraces him.

The Name of Foe be but in Battles known;  
For some few Days all hostile Acts forbear,  
That if the King consents, it seems not Fear:  
His Heart is noble, and great Souls must be  
Most sought and courted in Adversity.  
Three Days I hope the wish'd Success will tell.

*Cyd.* 'Till that long Time——

*Cort.* ——'Till that long Time, farewell. [*Ex. severally.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber Royal.*

*Enter Odmar and Alibech.*

*Odmar.* **T**HE Gods, fair *Alibech*, had so decreed,  
Nor could my Valour against Fate succeed;  
Yet though our Army brought not Conquest home,  
I did not from the Fight inglorious come.

If



If as a Victor you the brave regard,  
 Successless Courage then may hope Reward:  
 And I, returning safe, may justly boast  
 To win the Prize which my dear Brother lost.

*Enter Guyomar behind him.*

*Guy.* No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be  
 A Witness, both against himself and thee;  
 Tho' both in Safety are return'd again,  
 I blush to ask her Love for vanquish'd Men.

*Odm.* Brother, I'll not dispute, but you are brave,  
 Yet I was free, and you, it seems, a Slave.

*Guy.* *Odm.*, 'tis true, that I was Captive led,  
 As publicly is known, as that you fled;  
 But of two Shames if she must one partake,  
 I think the Choice will not be hard to make.

*Odm.* Freedom and Bondage in her Choice remain,  
 Dar'st thou expect she will put on thy Chain?

*Guy.* No, no, fair *Alibech*, give him the Crown,  
 My Brother is return'd with high Renown.  
 He thinks by Flight his Mistress must be won,  
 And claims the Prize because he best did run.

*Alib.* Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was  
 But neither have o'ercome your Enemies: [wise,  
 My secret Wishes would my Choice decide,  
 But open Justice bends to neither Side.

*Odm.* Justice already does my Right approve,  
 If him who loves you most, you most should love.  
 My Brother poorly from your Aid withdrew,  
 But I my Father left to succour you.

*Guy.* Her Country she did to herself prefer,  
 Him who fought best, not who defended her;  
 Since she her Interest for the Nation's wav'd,  
 Then I, who sav'd the King, the Nation sav'd;  
 Your aiding her, your Country did betray,  
 I aiding him, did her Commands obey.

*Odm.* Name it no more, in Love there is a Time  
 When dull Obedience is the greatest Crime;  
 She to her Country's Use resign'd your Sword,  
 And you, kind Lover, took her at her Word;  
 You did your Duty to your Love prefer,  
 Seek your Reward from Duty, not from her.

*Guy.* In acting what my Duty did require,  
 'Twas hard for me to quit my own Desire,  
 That fought for her, which when I did subdue,  
 'Twas much the easier Task I left for you.

*Alib.* *Odmav* a more than common Love has shown,  
 And *Guyomar*'s was greater, or was none;  
 Which I should chuse some God direct my Breast,  
 The certain Good, or the uncertain Best:  
 I cannot chuse, you both dispute in vain,  
 Time and your future Acts must make it plain;  
 First raise the Siege, and set your Country free,  
 I not the Judge but the Reward will be.

*To them, Enter Montezuma talking with Almeria and Orbellan.*

*Mont.* Madam, I think with Reason I extol  
 The Virtue of the *Spanish* General;  
 When all the Gods our Ruin have foretold,  
 Yet generously he does his Arms with-hold,  
 And offering Peace the first Conditions make.

*Alm.* When Peace is offer'd 'tis too late to take;  
 For one poor Loss to stoop to Terms like those,  
 Were we o'ercome, what could they worse impose?  
 Go, go, with Homage your proud Victors meet,  
 Go lye like Dogs beneath your Master's Feet,  
 Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,  
 And groan for Gold which now in Temples shines;  
 Your shameful Story shall record of me,  
 The Men all crouch'd, and left a Woman free.

*Guy.* Had I not fought, or durst not fight again,  
 I my suspected Counsel should refrain:  
 For I wish Peace, and any Terms prefer  
 Before the last Extremities of War.

We but exasp'rate those we cannot harm,  
 And fighting gains us but to die more warm:  
 If that be Cowardise, which dares not see  
 The insolent Effects of Victory,  
 The Rape of Matrons, and their Childrens Cries;  
 Then I am fearful, let the Brave advise.

*Odm.* Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,  
 Have prosp'rously begun a doubtful War:

But

But now our Foes with less Advantage fight,  
Their Strength decreases with our *Indians* Fright.

*Mont.* This noble Vote does with my Wish comply,  
I am for War.

*Alm.* — And so am I.

*Orb.* — And I.

*Mont.* Then send to break the Truce, and I'll take care  
To cheer the Soldiers and for Fight prepare.

[*Exeunt Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar and Alibech.*]

*Alm. to Orb.* 'Tis now the Hour which all to rest allow,  
[*Almeria stays Orbellan.*]

And Sleep fits heavy upon every Brow ;  
In this dark Silence softly leave the Town,

[*Guyomar returns and bears them.*]

And to the General's Tent, 'tis quickly known,  
Direct your Steps: You may dispatch him strait,  
Drown'd in his Sleep, and easie for his Fate:  
Besides, the Truce will make the Guards more slack.

*Orb.* Courage which leads me on, will bring me back :  
But I more fear the Baseness of the Thing :  
Remorse, you know, bears a perpetual Sting.

*Alm.* For mean Remorse no Room the Valiant finds,  
Repentance is the Virtue of weak Minds ;  
For Want of Judgment keeps them doubtful still,  
They may repent of Good who can of Ill ;  
But daring Courage makes ill Actions good,  
'Tis foolish Pity spares a Rival's Blood ;  
You shall about it strait—— [ *Exeunt Alm. and Orb.* ]

*Guy.* — Would they betray  
His sleeping Virtue, by so mean a Way !  
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nation's Foe,  
I wish him dead — but cannot wish it so ;  
Either my Country never must be freed,  
Or I consenting to so black a Deed.  
Would Chance had never led my Steps this Way,  
Now if he dies, I murder him, not they ;  
Something must be resolv'd ere 'tis too late,  
He gave me Freedom, I'll prevent his Fate. [ *Exit Guy.* ]

S C E N E II. *A Camp.*

*Enter Cortez alone in a Night-gown.*

*Cort.* All Things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,  
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie Head ;    The

The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,  
 And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat;  
 Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies  
 Rest to my Soul, and Slumber to my Eyes.  
 Three Days I promis'd to attend my Doom,  
 And two long Days and Nights are yet to come:  
 'Tis sure the Noise of some tumultuous Fight,

[Noise within.

They break the Truce, and fall out by Night.

*Enter Orbellan flying in the Dark, his Sword drawn.*

*Orb.* Betray'd! pursu'd! O whither shall I fly?  
 See, see, the just Reward of Treachery;  
 I'm sure among the Tents, but know not where,  
 Ev'n Night wants Darkness to secure my Fear.

[Comes near Cortez who bears him.

*Cort.* Stand, who goes there?

*Orb.* —Alas, what shall I say! [Aside.  
 A poor *Taxallan* that mistook his way, [To him.  
 And wanders in the Terrors of the Night.

*Cort.* Soldier, thou seem'st afraid, whence comes thy  
 Fright?

*Orb.* The Insolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my Fear,  
 Who in the dark pursu'd me entring here.

*Cort.* Their Crimes shall meet immediate Punishment,  
 But stay thou safe within the General's Tent.

*Orb.* Still worse and worse.

*Cort.* — Fear not, but follow me,  
 Upon my Life I'll set thee safe and free.

[Cortez leads him in, and returns.

*To him Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards with Torches.*

*Vasq.* O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave Indian Friend,  
 That you are safe, *Orbellan* did intend  
 This Night to kill you sleeping in your Tent:  
 But *Guyomar* his trusty Slave has sent,  
 Who following close his silent Steps by Night,  
 Till in our Camp they both approach'd the Light,  
 Cry'd seize the Traytor, seize the Murderer.  
 The cruel Villain fled I know not where,  
 But far he is not, for he this way bent.

*Piz.* Th' enraged Soldiers seek, from Tent to Tent,  
 With



With lighted Torches, and in Love to you,  
With bloody Vows his hated Life pursue.

*Vasq.* This Messenger does, since he came, relate,  
That the old King, after a long Debate,  
By his imperious Mistress blindly led,  
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan's* Bed.

*Cort.* *Vasquez*, the trusty Slave with you retain,  
Retire a while, I'll call you back again.

[*Exeunt Vasq. and Piz.*

*Cortez at his Tent Door.*

*Cort.* Indian, come forth, your Enemies are gone,  
And I, who saved you from them, here alone.

*Enter Orbellan holding his Face aside.*

You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,  
Dare you not look on him who gave you aid?

*Orb.* Moon slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise  
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,  
To shrowd my Shame.

*Cort.* In vain you turn aside,  
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;  
I know my Rival and his black Design.

*Orb.* Forgive it as my Passion's Fault, not mine.

*Cort.* In your Excuse your Love does little say,  
You might however have took a fairer Way.

*Orb.* 'Tis true my Passion small Defence can make,  
Yet you must spare me for your Honour's sake;  
That was engag'd to set me safe and free.

*Cort.* 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:  
Nor is it Prudence to prolong thy Breath,  
When all my Hopes depend upon thy Death——  
——Yet none shall tax me with base Perjury,  
Something I'll do, both for myself and thee;  
With vow'd Revenge my Soldiers search each Tent,  
If thou art seen, none can thy Death prevent;  
Follow my Steps with Silence and with Haste.

*They go out, the Scene changes to the Indian Country, they return.*

*Cort.* Now you are safe, you have my Out-guards past.

*Orb.* Then here I take my Leave.

*Cort.* ——*Orbellan*, no,  
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,  
I'll send a Message.

*Orb.*

Orb. — Let it be exprest,  
I am in Haste.

Cort. — I'll write it in your Breast— [Draws.

Orb. What means my Rival?

Cort. — Either fight or die,  
I'll not strain Honour to a Point too high;  
I sav'd your Life, and keep it if you can,  
Cydaría shall be for the bravest Man;  
On equal Terms you shall your Fortune try,  
Take this, and lay your flint-edg'd Weapon by;  
[Gives him a Sword.

Ill arm you for my Glory, and pursue  
No Palm, but what's to manly Virtue due.  
Fame with my Conquest, shall my Courage tell,  
This you shall gain by placing Love so well.

Orb. Fighting with you ungrateful I appear.

Cort. Under that Shadow thou would'st hide thy Fear:  
Thou would'st possess thy Love at thy Return,  
And in her Arms my easie Virtue scorn.

Orb. Since we must fight, no longer let's delay,  
The Moon shines clear, and makes a paler Day.

[They fight, Orbellan is wounded in the Hand,  
his Sword falls out of it.

Cort. To Courage, ev'n of Foes, there's Pity due,  
It was not I, but Fortune vanquish'd you;

[Throws his Sword again.

Thank me with that, and so dispute the Prize,  
As if you fought before Cydaría's Eyes.

Orb. I would not poorly such a Gift requite,  
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but fight;

[He strives to bold it, but cannot.

But see where yours has forc'd its bloody way,  
My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey.

Cort. Unlucky Honour that controul'st my Will!  
Why have I vanquish'd, since I must not kill?  
Fate sees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glass,  
And looks it through, but to it cannot pass.

Orb. All I can do is frankly to confess,  
I wish I could, but cannot love her less;  
To swear I would resign her, were but vain,  
Love would recall that perjur'd Breath again;

And

And in my wretched Case 'twill be more just  
Not to have promised, than deceive your Trust.  
Know, if I live once more to see the Town,  
In bright *Cydaria's* Arms my Love I'll crown.

*Cort.* In spite of that I give thee Liberty,  
And with thy Person leave thy Honour free,  
But to thy Wishes move a speedy Pace,  
Or Death will soon o'ertake thee in the Chase.  
To Arms, to Arms, Fate shows my Love the Way,  
I'll force the City on thy nuptial Day. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III. Mexico.

*Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Almeria.*

*Mont.* It moves my Wonder that in two Days space  
This early Famine spreads so swift a Pace.

*Odm.* 'Tis, Sir, the general Cry, nor seems it strange,  
The Face of Plenty should so swiftly change;  
This City never felt a Siege before,  
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily Store,  
Which now shut up, and Millions crowded here,  
Famine will soon in Multitudes appear.

*Mont.* The more the Number, still the greater Shame.

*Alm.* What if some one should seek immortal Fame,  
By ending of the Siege at one brave Blow?

*Mont.* That were too happy!

*Alm.* ——— Yet it may be so,  
What if the *Spanish* General should be slain?

*Guy.* Just Heav'n I hope does other ways ordain. [*Aside.*]

*Mont.* If slain by Treason, I lament his Death.

*Enter Orbellan and whispers bis Sister.*

*Odm.* Orbellan seems in haste, and out of Breath.

*Mont.* Orbellan, welcome, you are early here,  
A Bridegroom's haste does in your Looks appear.

[*Almeria aside to her Brother.*]

*Alm.* Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardise and Fear,  
He had not 'scap'd with Life, had I been there;  
But since so ill you act a brave Design,  
Keep close your Shame, Fate makes the next Turn mine.

*Enter Alibech and Cydaria.*

*Alib.* O Sir, if ever Pity touch'd your Breast,  
Let it be now to your own Blood express;

In Tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her Sight,  
Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.

*Cyd.* To your Commands I strict Obedience owe,  
And my last Act of it I come to show;  
I want the Heart to die before your Eyes,  
But Grief will finish that which Fear denies.

*Alm.* Your Will should by your Father's Precept move.

*Cyd.* When he was young he taught me Truth in Love.

*Alm.* He found more Love than he deserv'd, 'tis true,  
And that it seems is lucky too to you;  
Your Father's Folly took a head-strong Course,  
But I'll rule yours, and teach you Love by Force.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Arm arm, O King, the Enemy comes on,  
A sharp Assault already is begun;  
Their murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.

*Odm.* Now, Rival, let us run where Honour calls.

*Guy.* I have discharg'd what Gratitude did owe,  
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe. [*Ex. Odm. and Guy.*]

*Mont.* Our Walls are high, and Multitudes defend:  
Their vain Attempt must in their Ruin end;  
The Nuptials with my Presence shall be grac'd.

*Alib.* At least but stay till the Assault be past.

*Alm.* Sister, in vain you urge him to delay,  
The King has promis'd, and he shall obey.

*Enter second Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* From several Parts the Enemy's repell'd,  
One only Quarter to th' Assault does yield.

*Enter third Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* Some Foes are enter'd, but they are so few,  
They only Death, not Victory pursue.

*Orb.* Hark, hark, they shout!

From Virtue's Rules I do too meanly swerve,  
I by my Courage will your Love deserve.

[*Exit.*]

*Mont.* Here in the Heart of all the Town I'll stay:  
And timely Succour where it wants convey.

*A Noise within.* Enter *Orbellan*, Indians driven in,  
Cortez after them, and one or two *Spaniards*.

*Cort.* He's found, he's found, degenerate Coward, stay:  
Night sav'd thee once, thou shalt not 'scape by Day.

[*Kills Orbellan.*]

*Orb.*



*The INDIAN EMPEROR.*

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*Orb.* — O I am kill'd —

[*Dies.*

*Enter Guyomar and Odmar.*

*Guy.* Yield, generous Stranger, and preserve your Life,  
Why chuse you Death in this unequal Strife? [*He is beset.*  
[*Almeria and Alibech fall on Orbellan's Body.*

*Cort.* What nobler Fate could any Lover meet?  
I fall reveng'd, and at my Mistress' Feet.  
[*They fall on him and bear him down, Guyomar takes his Sword.*

*Alib.* He's past Recovery; my dear Brother's slain,  
Fate's Hand was in it, and my Care is vain.

*Alm.* In weak Complaints you vainly waste your Breath:  
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,  
Dispatch the Villain straight.

*Cort.* — The Villain's dead.

*Alm.* Give me a Sword and let me take his Head.

*Mont.* Though, Madam, for your Brother's Loss I grieve,  
Yet let me beg —

*Alm.* — His Murderer may live?

*Cyd.* 'Twas his Misfortune, and the Chance of War.

*Cort.* It was my Purpose, and I kill'd him fair;  
How could you so unjust and cruel prove,  
To call that Chance, which was the Act of Love?

*Cyd.* I call'd it any thing to save your Life:  
Would he were living still, and I his Wife.  
That Wish was once my greatest Misery:  
But 'tis a greater to behold you die.

*Alm.* Either command his Death upon the Place,  
Or never more behold *Almeria's* Face.

*Guy.* You, by his Valour, once from Death were freed:  
Can you forget so generous a Deed? [*To Montezuma.*

*Mont.* How Gratitude and Love divide my Breast!  
Both ways alike my Soul is robb'd of Rest.  
But — let him die — can I his Sentence give?  
Ungrateful must he die by whom I live?  
But can I then *Almeria's* Tears deny!  
Should any live whom she commands to die?

*Guy.* Approach who dares: He yielded on my Word;  
And as my Pris'ner, I restore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*  
His Life concerns the Safety of the State,  
And I'll preserve it for a calm Debate.

*Mont.*

*Mont.* Dar'st thou rebel, false and degenerate Boy?  
That Being which I gave, I thus destroy.

[*Offers to kill him, Odmar steps between.*]

*Odm.* My Brother's Blood I cannot see you spill,  
Since he prevents you but from doing ill.  
He is my Rival, but his Death would be  
For him too glorious, and too base for me.

*Guy.* Thou shalt not conquer in this noble Strife:  
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:  
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breast more true:  
'Tis the last Wound I e'er can take for you.  
You see I live but to dispute your Will:  
Kill me, and then you may my Pris'ner kill.

*Cort.* You shall not, gen'rous Youths, contend for me:  
It is enough that I your Honour see:  
But that your Duty may no Blemish take,  
I will myself your Father's Captive make.

[*Gives his Sword to Montezuma.*]

When he dares strike, I am prepar'd to fall:  
The Spaniards will revenge their General.

*Cyd.* Ah you too hastily your Life resign,  
You more would love it, if you valued mine!

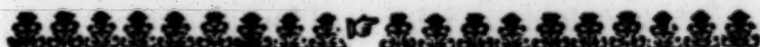
*Cort.* Dispatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,  
I shall grow tender else, and wish to live;  
Such an infectious Face her Sorrow wears,  
I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria's* Tears.

*Alm.* Make haste, make haste, they merit Death all three:  
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.  
See, see, my Brother's Ghost hangs hovering there  
O'er his warm Blood, that steams into the Air,  
Revenge, Revenge it cries.

*Mont.* — And it shall have;  
But two Days Respite for his Life I crave:  
If, in that space, you not more gentle prove,  
I'll give a fatal Proof how well I love.  
Till when, you *Guyomar*, your Pris'ner take;  
Bestow him in the Castle on the Lake:  
In that small time I shall the Conquest gain  
Of these few Sparks of Virtue which remain;  
Then all who shall my head-long Passion see,  
Shall curse my Crimes, and yet shall pity me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Prison.

*Enter Almeria and an Indian, they speak entering.*

*Ind.* **A** Dangerous Proof of my Respect I show.  
*Alm.* Fear not, Prince Guyomar, shall never know:

While he is absent, let us not delay,  
 Remember 'tis the King thou dost obey.

*Ind.* See where he sleeps.

*[Cortez appears chain'd and laid asleep.]*

*Alm.* ——— Without my coming wait:  
 And on thy Life secure the Prison Gate— *[Exit Indian.]*  
*[She plucks out a Dagger and approaches him.]*

*Spaniard* awake: thy fatal Hour is come:

Thou shalt not at such ease receive thy Doom.

Revenge is sure, though sometime slowly pac'd:

Awake, awake, or sleeping sleep thy last.

*Cort.* Who names Revenge?

*Alm.* ——— Look up, and thou shalt see.

*Cort.* I cannot fear so fair an Enemy.

*Alm.* No Aid is nigh, nor can'st thou make Defence:  
 Whence can thy Courage come?

*Cort.* ——— From Innocence.

*Alm.* From Innocence? let that then take thy Part.  
 Still are thy Looks assur'd ——— have at thy Heart!

*[Holds up the Dagger.]*

I cannot kill thee; sure thou bear'st some Charm,

*[Goes back.]*

Or some Divinity holds back my Arm.

Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed? *[Aside.]*

Can I want Courage for so brave a Deed?

I've shook it off; my Soul is free from Fear, *[Comes again.]*

And I can now strike any where ——— but here:

His Scorn of Death how strangely does it move!

A Mind so haughty who could chuse but love! *[Goes off.]*

Plead not a Charm, or any God's Command,

Alas, it is thy Heart that holds thy Hand:

*In*

In spite of me I love, and see too late,  
 My Mother's Pride must find my Mother's Fate.  
 —Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murderer,  
 For Shame, *Almeria*, such mad Thoughts forbear :  
 It w'onnot be, if I once more come on : [*Coming on again.*  
 I shall mistake the Breast, and pierce my own.

[*Comes with her Dagger down.*

*Cort.* Does your Revenge maliciously forbear  
 To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by Fear ?  
 If you delay for that, forbear or strike,  
 Fore-seen and sudden Death are both alike.

*Alm.* To show my Love, would but increase his Pride :  
 They have most Power who most their Passions hide.

[*Aside.*

*Spaniard*, I must confess I did expect  
 You could not meet your Death with such neglect ;  
 I will defer it now, and give you time :  
 You may repent, and I forget your Crime.

*Cort.* Those who repent, acknowledge they do ill :  
 I did not unprovok'd your Brother kill.

*Alm.* Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

*Cort.* Who begs his Life, does not deserve to live.

*Alm.* But if 'tis given, you'll not refuse to take ?

*Cort.* I can live gladly for *Cydaria's* sake.

*Alm.* Does she so wholly then possess your Mind ?  
 What if you should another Lady find,  
 Equal to her in Birth, and far above  
 In all that can attract, or keep your Love,  
 Would you so doat upon your first Desire,  
 As not to entertain a nobler Fire ?

*Cort.* I think that Person hardly will be found,  
 With gracious Form and equal Virtue crown'd :  
 Yet if another could Precedence claim,  
 My fixt Desires could find no fairer Aim.

*Alm.* Dull Ignorance ! he cannot yet conceive :  
 To speak more plain, Shame will not give me leave. [*Aside.*  
 —Suppose one lov'd you whomeven Kings adore : [*To him.*  
 Who with your Life, your Freedom would restore,  
 And add to that the Crown of *Mexico* :

Would you, for her, *Cydaria's* Love forego ?

*Cort.* Though she could offer all you can invent,  
 I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.

*Alm.*



*Alm.* A burning Blush has cover'd all my Face ;  
Why am I forc'd to publish my Disgrace ?  
What if I Love, you know it cannot be,  
And yet I blush to put the Case 'twere me.  
If I could love you, with a Flame so true,  
I could forget what Hand my Brother slew?——

——Make out the rest,——I am disorder'd so,  
I know not farther what to say or do:

——But answer me to what you think I meant.

*Cort.* Reason or Wit no Answer can invent:  
Of Words confus'd who can the Meaning find?

*Alm.* Disorder'd Words show a distemper'd Mind.

*Cort.* She has oblig'd me so, that could I chuse,  
I would not Answer what I must refuse. [*Aside.*

*Alm.*——His Mind is shook;——suppose I lov'd you, speak;  
Would you for me *Cydaria's* Fetters break ?

*Cort.* Things meant in Jest, no serious Answer need.

*Alm.* But put the Case that it were so indeed.

*Cort.* If it were so, which but to think were Pride,  
My constant Love would dangerously be try'd:  
For since you could a Brother's Death forgive,  
He whom you sav'd, for you alone should live:  
But I the most unhappy of Mankind,  
Ere I knew yours, have all my Love resign'd:  
'Tis my own Loss I grieve, who have no more;  
You go a begging to a Bankrupt's Door.  
Yet could I change, as sure I never can;  
How could you love so infamous a Man?  
For Love once given from her, and plac'd in you,  
Would leave no Ground I ever could be true.

*Alm.* You construed me aright——I was in Jest:  
And by that Offer meant to sound your Breast:  
Which since I find so constant to your Love,  
Will much my Value of your Worth improve.  
*Spaniard* assure yourself you shall not be  
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:

'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this Sort,  
And to refuse my Offers, though in Sport. [*Exit Alm.*

*Cort.* In what a strange Condition am I left? [*Cort. solus.*  
More than I wish I have, of all I wish bereft!  
In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most;  
For even our Wish is, in Possession, lost:

Restless

Restless we wander to a new Desire,  
 And burn ourselves by blowing up the Fire:  
 We toss and turn about our feverish Will,  
 When all our Ease must come by lying still:  
 For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,  
 Is not in Pleasure, but in rest from Pain.

*[Goes in, and the Scene closes upon him.]*

SCENE II. *Chamber-Royal.*

*Enter Montezuma, Odmr, Guyomar, and Alibech.*

*Mont.* My Ears are Deaf with this impatient Crowd.

*Odm.* Their Wants are now grown mutinous and loud:  
 The General's taken, but the Siege remains;  
 And their last Food our dying Men sustains.

*Guy.* One Means is only left, I to this Hour  
 Have kept the Captive from *Almeria's* Power;  
 And though by your Command she often sent  
 To urge his Doom, do still his Death prevent.

*Mont.* That Hope is past: Him I have oft assail'd,  
 But neither Threats nor Kindness have prevail'd;  
 Hiding our Wants, I offer'd to release  
 His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:  
 He fiercely answer'd, I had now no Way  
 But to submit, and without Terms obey:  
 I told him, he in Chains demand'd more  
 Than he impos'd in Victory before:  
 He sullenly reply'd, he could not make  
 These Offers now; Honour must give, not take.

*Odm.* Twice have I sally'd, and was twice beat back:  
 What desp'rate Course remains for us to take!

*Mont.* If either Death or Bondage I must chuse,  
 I'll keep my Freedom, though my Life I lose.

*Guy.* I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd  
 Those Means, you might have then with Honour us'd:  
 I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:  
 They know to Conquer best, who know to Die.

*[Exeunt Mont. and Odm.]*

*Alib.* Ah me, what have I heard! stay *Guyomar*,  
 What hope you from this Sally you prepare?

*Guy.* A Death, with Honour for my Country's good:  
 A Death, to which yourself design'd my Blood.

*Alib.*

*Alib.* You heard, and I well know the Town's Distress,  
Which Sword and Famine both at once oppress:  
Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,  
Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of Pois'nous Juice  
Wild Hunger seeks; and to prolong our Breath,  
We greedily devour our certain Death:  
The Soldier in th' Assault of Famine falls:  
And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.  
As Callow Birds——  
Whose Mother's kill'd in seeking of the Prey,  
Cry in their Nest, and think her long away;  
And at each Leaf that stirs, each Blast of Wind,  
Gape for the Food which they must never find:  
So cry the People in their Misery.

*Guy.* And what Relief can they expect from me?

*Alib.* While *Montezuma* sleeps, call in the Foe:  
The Captive General your Design may know:  
His noble Heart, to Honour ever true,  
Knows how to spare as well as to subdue.

*Guy.* What I have heard I blush to hear: And grieve  
Those Words you spoke I must your Words believe;  
I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,  
To sell my Country, and my King enslave?  
All I have done by one foul Act deface,  
And yield my Right to you by turning Base?  
What more could *Odmar* wish that I should do  
To lose your Love, than you persuade me to?  
No, Madam, no, I never can commit  
A Deed so Ill, nor can you suffer it:  
'Tis but to try what Virtue you can find  
Lodg'd in my Soul.

*Alib.* I plainly speak my Mind;  
Dear as my Life my Virtue I'll preserve:  
But Virtue you too scrupulously serve:  
I lov'd not more than now my Country's Good,  
When for its Service I employ'd your Blood:  
But Things are alter'd, I am still the same,  
By different Ways still moving to one Fame;  
And by disarming you, I now do more  
To save the Town, than arming you before.

*Guy.* Things good or ill by Circumstances be,  
In you 'tis Virtue, what is Vice in me.

*Alib.*

*Alib.* That Ill is pardon'd which does Good procure.

*Guy.* The Good's uncertain, but the Ill is sure.

*Alib.* When Kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,  
Each private Man for publick Good should rise.

*Guy.* Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuse  
Such Reasons none but impious Rebels use:  
Those who to Empire by dark Paths aspire,  
Still plead a Call to what they most desire;  
But Kings by free Consent their Kingdoms take,  
Strict as those sacred Ties which Nuptials make;  
And whate'er Faults in Princes, Time reveal,  
None can be Judge, where can be no Appeal.

*Alib.* In all Debates you plainly let me see  
You love your Virtue best, but *Odmar* me:  
Go, your mistaken Piety pursue:

I'll have from him, what is deny'd by you;  
With my Commands you shall no more be grac'd,  
Remember, Sir, this Trial was your last.

*Guy.* The Gods inspire you with a better Mind;  
Make you more Just, and make you then more Kind:  
But though from Virtue's Rules I cannot part,  
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:  
'Tis hard with me whatever Choice I make;  
I must not Merit you, or must forsake:  
But in this strait, to Honour I'll be true,  
And leave my Fortune to the Gods and you.

*Enter Messenger privately.*

*Mess.* Now is the Time; be aiding to your Fate;  
From the Watch-Tower, above the Western Gate,  
I have discern'd the Foe securely lye,  
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:  
Their careless Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,  
The Bowers of Kings, to shade them from the Sun.

*Guy.* Upon thy Life disclose thy News to none;  
I'll make the Conquest or the Shame my own.

[*Ex. Guy. and Mess.*]

*Enter Odmar.*

*Alib.* I read some welcome Message in his Eye:  
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'll see if he'll deny.

*Odmar.* I come to tell you pleasing News,  
I beg'd a Thing your Brother did refuse.

*Alib.*



*Odm.* The News both pleases me, and grieves me too;  
For nothing, sure, should be deny'd to you:  
But he was blest who might commanded be;  
You never meant that Happiness to me.

*Alib.* What he refus'd, your Kindness might bestow,  
But my Commands, perhaps, your Burden grow.

*Odm.* Could I but live till burdensome they prove,  
My Life would be immortal as my Love.  
Your Wish, e'er it receive a Name, I grant.

*Alib.* 'Tis to relieve your dying Country's Want;  
All hopes of Succour from your Arms is past,  
'To save us now you must our Ruin haste;  
Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,  
'The Captive General's Liberty restore.

*Odm.* You speak to try my Love; can you forgive  
So soon, to let your Brother's Murderer live?

*Alib. Orbellan,* though my Brother, did disgrace,  
With treacherous Deeds, our mighty Mother's Race;  
And to revenge his Blood, so justly spilt,  
What is it less than to partake his Guilt!  
Tho' my proud Sister to Revenge incline,  
I to my Country's Good my own resign.

*Odm.* To save our Lives, our Freedom I betray——  
——Yet since I promis'd it, I will obey;

I'll not my Shame nor your Commands dispute:  
You shall behold your Empire's absolute. [*Exit Odmar.*]

*Alib.* I should have thank'd him for his speedy Grant;  
And yet I know not how, fit Words I want:  
Sure I am grown distracted in my Mind,  
That Joy this Grant should bring I cannot find;  
The one, denying; vex'd my Soul before;  
And, this, obeying, has disturb'd me more:  
The one, with Grief, and slowly did refuse,  
The other, in his Grant, much Haste did use:

——He us'd too much—and granting me so soon,  
He has the Merit of the Gift undone:  
Methought with wond'rous ease, he swallow'd down  
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:  
My inward Choice was *Guyomar* before,  
But now his Virtue has confirm'd me more——

——I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,  
And then my Promise must my Choice betray.

Fantastick Honour, thou hast fram'd a Toil  
Thyself, to make thy Love thy Virtue's Spoil.

[Exit Alibech.]

### SCENE III.

*A pleasant Grotto discover'd: In it a Fountain spouting;  
round about it Vasquez, Pizarro and other Spaniards  
lying carelessly unarm'd, and by them many Indian Wo-  
men, one of which sings the following Song.*

#### S O N G.

*Ah fading Joy! how quickly art thou past?  
Yet we thy Ruin haste.  
As if the Cares of human Life were few,  
We seek out new:  
And follow Fate, which would too fast pursue.  
See how on ev'ry Bough the Birds express,  
In their sweet Notes, their Happiness.  
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;  
But on their Mother Nature lay their Care:  
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below,  
Such Troubles chuse to know,  
As none of all his Subjects undergo?  
Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall,  
And with a murmuring Sound  
Dash, dash, upon the Ground,  
To gentle Slumbers call.*

*After the Song two Spaniards arise and dance a Saraband  
with Castanietas: At the End of which, Guyomar  
and his Indians enter, and ere the Spaniards can re-  
cover their Swords, seize them.*

*Guy.* Those whom you took without, in triumph bring,  
But see these straight conducted to the King.

*Piz. Vasquez, what now remains in these Extrems?*

*Vasq.* Only to wake us from our golden Dreams.

*Piz.* Since by our shameful Conduct, we have lost  
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value most,  
I wish they would our Lives a Period give:  
They live too long, who Happiness out-live.

[Spaniards are led out.]

*I Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your Success is spread:  
The King comes marching in the Army's head.

*Enter*

*Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar discontented.*

*Mont.* Now all the Gods reward and bless my Son:

*[Embracing.]*

Thou hast this Day thy Father's Youth out-done.

*Alib.* Just Heav'n all Happiness upon him shower,  
Till it confess its Will beyond its Power.

*Guy.* The Heav'ns are kind, the Gods propitious be,  
I only doubt a mortal Deity:

I neither Fought for Conquest, nor for Fame,  
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.

*Alib.* I gave my Love to the most brave in War;  
But that the King must judge.

*Mont.* ——— 'Tis *Guyomar*.

*[Soldiers shout, A Guyomar, &c.]*

*Mont.* This Day your Nuptials we will celebrate;  
But guard these haughty Captives 'till their Fate:

*Odmar*, this Night to keep them be your Care,  
To-morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.

*Alib.* Blot not your Conquest with your Cruelty.

*Mont.* Fate says we are not safe unless they die:  
The Spirit that foretold this happy Day,  
Bid me use Caution and avoid Delay:

Posterity be juster to my Fame;  
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man

In his Defence may justly do the same:  
But private Persons more than Monarchs can:

All weigh our Acts, and whate'er seems unjust,  
Impute not to Necessity, but Lust.

*[Exeunt Montezuma, Guyomar, and Alibech.]*

*Odm.* Lost and undone! he had my Father's Voice,  
And *Alibech* seem'd pleas'd with her new Choice.

Alas, it was not new! too late I see,  
Since one she hated, that it must be me.

——I feel a strange Temptation in my Will

To do an Action, great at once and ill:

Virtue ill-treated from my Soul is fled;

I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:

Yet Conscience would against my Rage rebel——

——Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well!

Sink Empire, Father perish, Brother fall,

Revenge does more than recompence you all.

———Conduct the Prisoners in———

*Enter Vasquez, and Pizarro.*

*Spaniards*, you see your own deplor'd Estate :  
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate ?

*Vasq.* All that Despair with Courage join'd, can do.

*Odm.* An easie way to Victory I'll show :  
When all are buried in their Sleep or Joy,  
I'll give you Arms, burn, ravish, and destroy ;  
For my own share one Beauty I design,  
Engage your Honour that she shall be mine.

*Piz.* I gladly swear.

*Vasq.* ———And I ; but I request  
That, in return, one who has touch'd my Breast,  
Whose Name I know not, may be given to me.

*Odm.* *Spaniard*, 'tis just ; she's yours whoe'er she be.

*Vasq.* The Night comes on : If Fortune blefs the bold,  
I shall possess the Beauty.

*Piz.* I the Gold.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### S C E N E IV. *A Prison.*

*Cortez discover'd bound : Almeria talking with him.*

*Alm.* I come not now your Constancy to prove,  
You may believe me when I say I love.

*Cort.* You have too well instructed me before  
In your Intentions, to believe you more.

*Alm.* I'm justly plagu'd by this your Unbelief,  
And am myself the Cause of my own Grief :  
But to beg Love, I cannot stoop so low ;  
It is enough that you my Passion know ;  
'Tis in your Choice ; love me, or love me not ;  
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot.

[*Lays hold on the Dagger.*]

*Cort.* You menace me and court me in a Breath :  
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.

*Alm.* Your Hopes, without, are vanish'd into Smoke :  
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.

*Cort.* In vain you urge me with my Miseries :  
When Fortune falls, high Courages can rise.  
Now should I change my Love, it wou'd appear  
Not the effect of Gratitude, but Fear.

*Alm.*



*Alm.* I'll to the King, and make it my Request,  
Or my Command, that you may be releas'd;  
And make you judge, when I have set you free,  
Who best deserves your Passion, I, or she.

*Cort.* You tempt my Faith so generous a way,  
As without Guilt might Constancy betray:  
But I'm so far from meriting Esteem,  
That if I judge, I must myself condemn;  
Yet having given my worthless Heart before,  
What I must ne'er possess, I will adore;  
Take my Devotion then this humbler way;  
Devotion is the Love which Heav'n we pay.

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

*Enter Cydaria.*

*Cyd.* May I believe my Eyes! what do I see!  
Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!  
'Tis in my Breast she sheaths her Dagger now.  
False Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow? [*To him.*]

*Cort.* What Words, dear Saint, are these I hear you use?  
What Faith, what Vows are those which you accuse?

*Cyd.* More cruel than the Tyger o'er his Spoil;  
And falser than the weeping Crocodile:  
Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take  
A Pride to hear the Conquests which you make?  
Go publish your Renown, let it be said  
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.

*Cort.* With what Injustice is my Faith accus'd?  
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;  
And would again ten thousand Times for you.

*Alm.* She'll have too great Content to find him true;  
And therefore since his Love is not for me,  
I'll help to make my Rival's Misery.

*Spaniard,* I never thought you false before: [*Aside.*]  
Can you at once two Mistresses adore? [*To him.*]

Keep the poor Soul no longer in Suspence,  
Your Change is such as does not need Defence.

*Cort.* Riddles like these I cannot understand!

*Alm.* Why should you blush? she saw you kiss my Hand.

*Cyd.* Fear not, I will, while your first Love's deny'd,  
Favour your Shame, and turn my Eyes aside;

My feeble Hopes in her Deserts are lost :  
 I neither can such Power nor Beauty boast :  
 I have no Tie upon you to be true,  
 But that which loosen'd yours, my Love to you.

*Cort.* Could you have heard my Words !

*Cyd.* ——— Alas, what needs  
 To hear your Words, when I beheld your Deeds ?

*Cort.* What shall I say ! the Fate of Love is such,  
 That still it sees too little or too much.  
 That Act of mine, which does your Passion move,  
 Was but a Mark of my Respect, not Love.

*Alm.* Vex not yourself Excuses to prepare :  
 For one you love not, is not worth your Care.

*Cort.* Cruel *Almeria*, take that Life you gave ;  
 Since you but worse destroy me, while you save.

*Cyd.* No, let me die, and I'll my Claim resign ;  
 For while I live methinks you should be mine.

*Cort.* The bloodiest Vengeance which she could pursue,  
 Would be a Trifle to my Loss of you.

*Cyd.* Your Change was wise : For had she been deny'd,  
 A swift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride :  
 You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,  
 All my Revenge is only in my Tears.

*Cort.* Can you imagine I so mean could prove,  
 To save my Life by changing of my Love ?

*Cyd.* Since Death is that which nat'rally we shun,  
 You did no more than I, perhaps, had done.

*Cort.* Make me not doubt, fair Soul, your Constancy ;  
 You would have dy'd for Love, and so would I.

*Alm.* You may believe him ; you have seen it prov'd.

*Cort.* Can I not gain Belief how I have lov'd ?  
 What can thy Ends, malicious Beauty, be :  
 Can he who kill'd thy Brother, live for thee ?

[A Noise of clashing of Swords.

[*Vasquez* within, Indians against him.

*Vasq.* Yield Slaves or die ; our Swords shall force our  
 way. [Within.

*Ind.* We cannot, though o'er-power'd, our Trust  
 betray. [Within.

*Cort.* 'Tis *Vasquez*' Voice, he brings me Liberty.

*Vasq.* In spite of Fate I'll set my General free : [Within.  
 Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.

*Alm.* All Hopes of Safety, and of Love are gone : As

As when some dreadful Thunder-Clap is nigh,  
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Sky,  
Strikes and consumes, e'er scarce it does appear,  
And by the sudden Ill, prevents the Fear:  
Such is my State in this amazing Woe,  
It leaves no Pow'r to think, much less to do.

—But shall my Rival live, shall she enjoy  
That Love in Peace, I labour'd to destroy? *[Aside.*

*Cort.* Her Looks grow black as a tempestuous Wind;  
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her Mind.

*Alm.* Rival, I must your Jealousie remove,  
You shall, hereafter, be at rest for Love.

*Cyd.* Now you are kind.

*Alm.* —He whom you Love is true:  
But he shall never be possess'd by you.

*[Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.*

*Cort.* Hold, hold, ah barbarous Woman! fly, oh fly!

*Cyd.* Ah pity, pity, is no Succour nigh!

*Cort.* Run, run behind me, there you may be sure,  
While I have Life, I will your Life secure.

*[Cydaria gets behind him.*

*Alm.* On him or thee light Vengeance any where:

*[She stabs and hurts him.*

—What have I done? I see his Blood appear!

*Cyd.* It streams, it streams from every vital Part:  
Was there no way but this to find his Heart?

*Alm.* Ah! cursed Woman, what was my Design!  
This Weapon's Point shall mix that Blood with mine!

*[Goes to stab herself, and being within his reach  
he snatches the Dagger.*

*Cort.* Now neither Life nor Death are in your Power.

*Alm.* Then sullenly I'll wait my fatal Hour.

*Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with drawn Swords.*

*Vasq.* He lives, he lives.

*Cort.* —Unfetter me with speed,

*Vasquez,* I see you troubled that I bleed:  
But 'tis not deep, our Army I can head.

*Vasq.* You to a certain Victory are led;  
Your Men all arm'd, stand silently within:  
I with your Freedom, did the Work begin.

*Piz.* What Friends we have, and how we came so strong,  
We'll softly tell you as we march along. *Cort.*

*Cort.* In this safe Place let me secure your Fear: [*to Cyd.*  
No clashing Swords, no Noise can enter here.  
Amidst our Arms as quiet you shall be,  
As Halcyons brooding on a Winter Sea.

*Cyd.* Leave me not here alone, and full of Fright,  
Amidst the Terrors of a dreadful Night:  
You judge, alas, my Courage by your own,  
I never durst in Darkness be alone:  
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet.—

*Cort.* You must not go where you may Dangers meet.  
Th' unruly Sword will no Distinction make:  
And Beauty will not there give Wounds, but take.

*Alm.* Then stay and take me with you; tho' to be  
A Slave to wait upon your Victory.  
My Heart unmov'd, can Noise and Horror bear:  
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

*Cort.* *Almeria*, 'tis enough I leave you free:  
You neither must stay here, nor go with me.

*Alm.* Then take my Life, that will my Rest restore:  
'Tis all I ask, for saving yours before.

*Cort.* That were a barbarous Return of Love.

*Alm.* Yet, leaving it, you more inhuman prove.  
In both Extreams I some Relief should find:  
Oh either hate me more, or be more kind.

*Cort.* Life of my Soul, do not my Absence mourn:  
But cheer your Heart in hopes of my return. [*To Cyd.*  
Your noble Father's Life shall be my Care;  
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to spare.

*Cyd.* Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore,  
My Heart forebodes I ne'er shall see you more:  
I have but one Request, when I am dead,  
Let not my Rival to your Love succeed.

*Cort.* Fate will be kinder than your Fears foretell;  
Farewel, my Dear.

*Cyd.* —A long and last Farewel:  
—So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;  
Can you not one, not one last Look afford!

*Cort.* I melt to womanish Tears, and if I stay,  
I find my Love my Courage will betray;  
Yon Tower will keep you safe, but be so kind  
To your own Life, that none may entrance find.

*Cyd.* Then lead me there—— [*He leads her.*  
For



For this one Minute of your Company,  
I go methinks, with some content to die.

[*Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, and Cydaria.*

*Alm.* Farewel, O too much lov'd, since lov'd in vain!  
What dismal Fortune does for me remain! [*Sola.*

Night and despair my fatal Foot-steps guide;  
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*

*Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards return again.*

*Cort.* All I hold dear, I trust to your Defence? [*To Piz.*  
Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.

[*Exeunt Cortez and Vasquez.*

*Piz.* I'll venture that——  
The Gods are good; I'll leave her to their Care,  
Steal from my Post, and in the Plunder share. [*Exit.*

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# ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE. *A Chamber-Royal, an Indian Hammock  
discover'd in it.*

*Enter Odmar with Soldiers, Guyomar and Alibech bound.*

*Odm.* **F**A T E is more just than you to my Desert,  
And in this Act you blame, Heav'n takes my Part.

*Guy.* Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?

*Odm.* The Gods are ever of the conquering Side:  
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed  
I to my Father's Empire shall succeed.

*Alib.* How much I Crowns contemn, I let thee see,  
Chusing the younger, and refusing thee.

*Guy.* Were she ambitious, she'd disdain to own  
The Pageant Pomp of such a servile Throne;  
A Throne which thou by Parricide do'st gain,  
And by a base Submission must retain.

*Alib.* I lov'd thee not before; but, *Odmar*, know  
That now I hate thee, and despise thee too.

*Odm.* With too much Violence you Crimes pursue,  
Which if I acted, 'twas for Love of you:  
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:  
I brought not Sin so far, to stop it here.

Death in a Lover's Mouth would sound but ill:  
But know, I either must enjoy or kill.

*Alib.* Bestow, base Man, thy idle threats elsewhere,  
My Mother's Daughter knows not how to fear.  
Since, *Guyomar*, I must not be thy Bride,  
Death shall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.

*Odm.* Then take thy Wish——

*Guy.* Hold, *Odm.*, hold:  
My Right in *Alibech* I will resign;  
Rather than see her die, I'll see her thine.

*Alib.* In vain thou would'st resign, for I will be,  
Ev'n when thou leav'st me, constant still to thee:  
That shall not save my Life: Wilt thou appear  
Fearful for her, who for herself wants Fear?

*Odm.* Her Love to him shows me a surer way:  
I by her Love, her Virtue must betray: *[Aside.*  
Since, *Alibech*, you are so true a Wife; *[To her.*  
'Tis in your Pow'r to save your Husband's Life:  
The Gods by me, your Love and Virtue try:  
For both will suffer if you let him die.

*Alib.* I never can believe you will proceed  
'To such a black and execrable Deed.

*Odm.* I only threatned you; but could not prove  
So much a Fool to Murder what I love:  
But in his Death, I some Advantage see:  
Worse than it is I'm sure it cannot be.  
If you consent, you with that gentle Breath  
Preserve his Life: if not, behold his Death.

*[Holds his Sword to his Breast.]*

*Alib.* What shall I do!

*Guy.* —— What, are your Thoughts at rise  
About a Ransom to preserve my Life?  
Though to save yours I did my Interest give,  
Think not when you were his, I meant to live.

*Alib.* O let him be preserv'd by any way: *[To Odm.]*  
But name not the foul Price which I must pay.

*Odm.* You would, and would not, I'll no longer stay.  
*[Offers again to kill him.]*

*Alib.* I yield, I yield; but yet ere I am ill,  
An innocent Desire I would fulfil:  
With *Guyomar* I one chaste Kiss would leave,  
The first and last he ever can receive.

*Odm.*

*Odm.* Have what you ask: That Minute you agree  
To my Desires, your Husband shall be free.

[*They unbind her, she goes to her Husband.*]

*Guy.* No, *Alibech*, we never must embrace.

[*He turns from her.*]

Your guilty Kindness why do you misplace?

'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice:

I was made yours but by the publick Voice.

And now you leave me with a poor Pretence,

That your ill Act is for my Life's Defence.

*Alib.* Since there remains no other means to try,  
Think I am false; I cannot see you die.

*Guy.* To give for me both Life and Honour too,  
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.

You have done much to cure my Jealousie,

But cannot perfect it unless both die.

For since both cannot live, who stays behind

Must be thought fearful, or what's worse, unkind.

*Alib.* I never could propose that Death you chuse;  
But am, like you, too jealous to refuse. [*Embracing him.*]

Together dying, we together shew

That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.

*Odm.* It then remains I act my own Design;

Have you your Wills, but I will first have mine.

Assist me, Soldiers——

[*They go to bind her: She cries out.*]

*Enter Vasquez, and two Spaniards.*

*Vasq.* Hold, *Odm.*, hold, I come in happy Time  
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.

*Odm.* You ill return the Kindness I have shown.

*Vasq.* Indian, I say desist.

*Odm.* ——Spaniard, begone.

*Vasq.* This Lady I did for myself design:  
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine?

*Odm.* You're much mistaken; this is she whom I

Did with my Father's Loss, and Country's buy:

She whom your Promise did to me convey,

When all Things else were made your common Prey.

*Vasq.* That Promise made, excepted one for me;  
One whom I still reserv'd, and this is she.

*Odm.*

*Odm.* This is not she, you cannot be so base.

*Vasq.* I love too deeply to mistake the Face :  
The Vanquish'd must receive the Victor's Laws.

*Odm.* If I am vanquish'd, I myself am Cause.

*Vasq.* Then thank yourself for what you undergo.

*Odm.* Thus lawless Might does Justice overthrow.

*Vasq.* Traytors, like you, should never Justice name.

*Odm.* You owe your Triumphs to that Traytor's Shame.  
But to your General, I'll my Right refer.

*Vasq.* He never will protect a Ravisher :  
His generous Heart will soon decide our Strife ;  
He to your Brother will restore his Wife.  
It rests we two our Claim in Combat try,  
And that with this fair Prize, the Victor fly.

*Odm.* Make haste,  
I cannot suffer to be long perplext :  
Conquest is my first Wish, and Death my next.

[*They fight, the Spaniards and Indians fight.*]

*Alib.* The Gods the wicked by themselves o'erthrow :  
All Fight against us now, and for us too.

[*Unbinds her Husband.*]

[*The two Spaniards, and three Indians kill each other, Vasquez kills Odmar, Guyomar runs to his Brother's Sword.*]

*Vasq.* Now you are mine ; my greatest Foe is slain.

[*To Alib.*]

*Guy.* A greater still to vanquish does remain.

*Vasq.* Another yet !

The Wounds I make, but sow new Enemies ;  
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born Brethren rise.

*Guy.* Spaniard, take Breath : Some respite I'll afford,  
My Cause is more Advantage than your Sword.

*Vasq.* Thou art so brave—could it with Honour be,  
I'd seek thy Friendship, more than Victory.

*Guy.* Friendship with him whose Hand did *Odmar* kill !  
Base as he was, he was my Brother still :  
And since his Blood has wash'd away his Guilt,  
Nature asks thine for that which thou hast spilt.

[*They fight a little and breathe, Alibech takes up a Sword and comes on.*]

*Alib.* My Weakness may help something in the Strife.

*Guy.* Kill not my Honour, to preserve my Life :

[*Staying her.*  
Rather



Rather than by thy Aid I'll Conquest gain,  
Without Defence I poorly will be slain.

[*She goes back, they fight again, Vasquez falls.*

Guy. Now, *Spaniard*, beg thy Life, and thou shalt live.

Vasq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canst not give:  
My Breath goes out, and I am now no more;  
Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [Dies.

Guy. Come, *Alibech*, let us from hence remove;  
This is a Night of Horror, not of Love.  
From every Part I hear a dreadful Noise:  
The Vanquish'd Crying, and the Victor's Joys.  
I'll to my Father's Aid and Country's fly;  
And Succour both, or in their Ruin die. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *A Prison.*

Montezuma, *Indian High-Priest, bound*; Pizarro, *Spaniards with Swords drawn, a Christian Priest.*

Piz. Thou hast not yet discover'd all thy Store.

Mont. I neither can nor will discover more:  
The Gods will punish you, if they be just;  
The Gods will plague your sacrilegious Lust.

Chr. Priest. Mark how this impious Heathen justifies  
His own false Gods, and our true God denies:  
How wickedly he has refus'd his Wealth,  
And hid his Gold, from Christian Hands, by stealth:  
Down with him, kill him, merit Heav'n thereby.

Ind. High Pr. Can Heav'n be Author of such Cruelty?

Piz. Since neither Threats nor Kindness will prevail,  
We must by other means your Minds assail;  
Fasten the Engines; stretch 'em at their length,  
And pull the straitned Cords with all your strength.

[*They fasten them to the Rack, and then pull them.*

Mont. The Gods, who made me once a King, shall know  
I still am worthy to continue so:

Tho' now the Subject of your Tyranny,  
I'll plague you worse than you can punish me.  
Know I have Gold, which you shall never find,  
No Pains, no Tortures shall unlock my Mind.

Chr. Pr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.

Mont. Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.

Ind. High Pr. When will you end your barb'rous Cruelty?  
I beg not to escape, I beg to die. Mont.

*Mont.* Shame on thy Priesthood that such Pray'rs can bring:

Is it not brave to suffer with thy King?  
When Monarchs suffer, Gods themselves bear Part;  
Then well may'st thou, who but my Vassal art:  
I charge thee, dare not groan, nor show one Sign,  
Thou at thy Torments dost the least repine.

*Ind. High Pr.* You took an Oath, when you receiv'd  
your Crown,  
The Heav'ns should pour their usual Blessings down;  
The Sun should shine, the Earth its Fruits produce,  
And nought be wanting to your Subjects use:  
Yet we with Famine were oppress'd, and now  
Must to the Yoke of cruel Masters bow.

*Mont.* If those above, who made the World, could be  
Forgetful of it, why then blam'st thou me?

*Cbr. Pr.* Those Pains, O Prince, thou sufferest now,  
are light,  
Compar'd to those, which when thy Soul takes flight,  
Immortal, endless, thou must then endure,  
Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.

*Mont.* Thou art deceiv'd: for whensoever I die;  
The Sun, my Father, bears my Soul on high:  
He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,  
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:  
I in the Eastern Parts, and rising Sky,  
You in Heav'n's Downfal, and the West must lie.

*Cbr. Pr.* Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance misled,  
Thy Soul destroying when thy Body's dead:  
Change yet thy Faith, and buy eternal Rest.

*Ind. High Pr.* Die in your own, for our Belief is best.

*Mont.* In seeking Happiness you both agree,  
But in the Search, the Paths so different be,  
That all Religions with each other fight,  
While only one can lead us in the Right.  
But till that one hath some more certain Mark,  
Poor human Kind must wander in the Dark;  
And suffer Pains eternally below,  
For that, which here we cannot come to know.

*Cbr. Pr.* That which we worship, and which you believe,  
From Nature's common Hand we both receive:

All under various Names, Adore and Love  
One Power immense, which ever rules above.  
Vice to abhor, and Virtue to pursue,  
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:  
But here our Worship takes another way —

*Mont.* Where both agree, 'tis there most safe to stay:  
For what's more vain than publick Light to shun,  
And set up Tapers while we see the Sun?

*Chr. Pr.* Though Nature teaches whom we should adore,  
By Heav'nly Beams we still discover more.

*Mont.* Or this must be enough, or to Mankind  
One equal Way to Bliss is not design'd.  
For though some more may know, and some know less,  
Yet all must know enough for Happiness.

*Chr. Pr.* If in this middle way you still pretend  
To stay, your Journey never will have end.

*Mont.* 'Howe'er 'tis better in the midst to stay,  
Than wander farther in uncertain Way.

*Chr. Pr.* But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.

*Mont.* You do no more than I for ours do now,  
To prove Religion true——

If either Wit or Sufferings would suffice,  
All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise:  
And yet ev'n they, by Education sway'd,  
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

*Chr. Pr.* Since Age by erring Child-hood is misled,  
Refer yourself to our un-erring Head.

*Mont.* Man, and not err! what Reason can you give?

*Chr. Pr.* Renounce that carnal Reason, and believe.

*Mont.* The Light of Nature should I thus betray,  
'Twere to wink hard that I might see the Day.

*Chr. Pr.* Condemn not yet the way you do not know;  
I'll make your Reason judge what way to go.

*Mont.* 'Tis much too late for me new Ways to take,  
Who have but one short Step of Life to make.

*Piz.* Increase their Pains, the Cords are yet too slack.

*Chr. Pr.* I must by Force convert him on the Rack.

*Ind. High Pr.* I faint away, and find I can no more:  
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy Store,  
And free myself from Pains I cannot bear.

*Mont.* Think'st thou I lie on Beds of Roses here,

Or

Or in a wanton Bath, stretch'd at my Ease?  
 Die, Slave, and with thee die such Thoughts as these.  
*[High Priest turns aside and dies.]*

*Enter Cortez attended by Spaniards, he speaks entring.*

*Cort.* On Pain of Death, kill none but those who fight;  
 I much repent me of this bloody Night:  
 Slaughter grows Murder when it goes too far,  
 And makes a Massacre what was a War:  
 Sheath all your Weapons, and in Silence move,  
 'Tis sacred here to Beauty, and to Love.

Ha ——— *[Sees Montezuma.]*

What dismal Sight is this, which takes from me  
 All the Delight that waits on Victory!

*[Runs to take him off the Rack.]*

Make haste: How now, Religion, do you frown?  
 Haste, holy Avarice, and help him down.  
 Ah Father, Father, what do I endure *[Embracing Mont.]*  
 To see these Wounds my Pity cannot cure!

*Mont.* Am I so low that you should Pity bring,  
 And give an Infant's Comfort to a King?  
 Ask these, if I have once unmanly groan'd,  
 Or aught have done deserving to be moan'd.

*Cort.* Did I not charge thou should'st not stir from  
 hence? *[To Pizarro.]*

But Martial Law shall punish thy Offence.

And you, *[To the Christian Priest.]*

Who sawcily teach Monarchs to obey,  
 And the wide World in narrow Cloysters sway;  
 Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Power,  
 You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,  
 You Enemies of Crowns.

*Cbr. Pr.* —Come, let's away,  
 We but provoke his Fury by our Stay.

*Cort.* If this go free, farewell that Discipline  
 Which did in *Spanish* Camps severely shine:  
 Accursed Gold, 'tis thou hast caus'd these Crimes;  
 Thou turn'st our Steel against thy Parent Climes!  
 And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,  
 Since with the Price of Blood thou here art bought.

*[Exeunt Priest and Pizarro.]*

*[Cortez]*



[Cortez kneels by Montezuma, and weeps.

*Cort.* Can you forget those Crimes they did commit?

*Mont.* I'll do what for my Dignity is fit:  
Rise, Sir, I'm satisfy'd the Fault was theirs:  
Trust me, you make me weep to see your Tears:  
Must I hear you?

*Cort.* Ah Heavens!

*Mont.* — You're much to blame;  
Your Grief is cruel, for it shews my Shame,  
Does my lost Crown to my Remembrance bring:  
But weep not you, and I'll be still a King.  
You have forgot, that I your Death design'd,  
To satisfy the proud *Almeria's* Mind:  
You, who preserv'd my Life, I doom'd to die.

*Cort.* Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

*Enter a Spaniard.*

*Span.* Prince *Guyomar* the Combat still maintains,  
Our Men retreat, and he their Ground regains:  
But once encourag'd by our Gen'ral's Sight,  
We boldly should renew the doubtful Fight.

*Cort.* Remove not hence, you shall not long attend:

[To Montezuma.

I'll aid my Soldiers, yet preserve my Friend.

*Mont.* Excellent Man!

[Exit Cortez, &c.

But I, by Living, poorly take the Way  
To injure Goodness, which I cannot pay.

*Enter Almeria.*

*Alm.* Ruin and Death run arm'd through every Street;  
And yet that Fate I seek, I cannot meet:  
What Guards Misfortunes are and Misery!  
Death that strikes all, yet seems afraid of me.

*Mont.* *Almeria* here! O turn away your Face!  
Must you be Witness too of my Disgrace?

*Alm.* I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,  
But want that Pity I deny'd to you:  
Your Conqueror, alas, has vanquish'd me;  
But he refuses his own Victory:  
While all are Captives in your conquer'd State,  
I find a wretched Freedom in his Hate.

*Mont.*

*Mont.* Could'st thou thy Love on one who scorn'd thee  
He saw not with my Eyes who could refuse: [lose?  
Him who could prove so much unkind to thee,  
I ne'er will suffer to be kind to me.

*Alm.* I am content in Death to share your Fate;  
And die for him I love, with him I hate.

*Mont.* What shall I do in this perplexing Streight!  
My tortur'd Limbs refuse to bear my Weight:

[*Endeavouring to walk, not being able.*  
I cannot go to Death to set me free:  
Death must be kind, and come himself to me.

*Alm.* I've thought upon't, I have Affairs below,  
[*Almeria musing.*

Which I must needs dispatch before I go:  
Sir, I have found a Place where you may be, [*To him.*  
(Though not preserv'd) yet like a King die free:  
The General left your Daughter in the Tower,  
We may a while resist the *Spaniards* Power,  
If *Guyomar* prevail.——

*Mont.* —— Make haste and call;  
She'll hear your Voice, and answer from the Wall.

*Alm.* My Voice she knows and fears, but use your own.  
And to gain Entrance, feign you are alone. [*Alm. steps behind.*

*Mont.* *Cydaria!*

*Alm.* —— Louder.

*Mont.* —— Daughter!

*Alm.* —— Louder yet.

*Mont.* Thou canst not, sure, thy Father's Voice forget.  
[*He knocks at the Door, at last Cydaria looks over the Balcony.*

*Cyd.* Since my Love went, I have been frighted so,  
With dismal Groans, and Noises from below;  
I durst not send my Eyes abroad, for fear  
Of seeing Dangers, which I yet but hear.

*Mont.* *Cydaria!*

*Cyd.* —— Sure, 'tis my Father calls.

*Mont.* —— Dear Child, make haste;  
All Hope of Succour, but from thee, is past:  
As when upon the Sands, the Traveller  
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,  
The Land grows short, he mends his weary Pace,  
While Death behind him covers all the Place:

So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,  
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.

*Cyd.* Are you alone?

*Mont.* — I am.

*Cyd.* — I'll streight descend;  
Heav'n did you here for both our Safeties send.

[*Cydaria descends and opens the Door, Almeria rushes betwixt with Montezuma.*

*Cyd.* *Almeria* here! then I am lost again. [*Both thrust.*

*Alm.* Yield to my Strength, you struggle but in vain.  
Make haste and shut, our Enemies appear.

[*Cortez and Spaniards appear at the other End.*

*Cyd.* Then do you enter, and let me stay here.

[*As she speaks, Almeria over-powers her, thrusts her in, and shuts.*

*Cort.* Sure I both heard her Voice, and saw her Face,  
She's like a Vision vanish'd from the Place.

Too late I find my Absence was too long;

My Hopes grow sickly, and my Fears grow strong.

[*He knocks a little, then Montezuma, Cydaria, and Almeria appear above.*

*Alm.* Look up, look up, and see if you can know  
Those, whom in vain you think to find below.

*Cyd.* Look up and see *Cydaria's* lost Estate.

*Mont.* And cast one Look on *Montezuma's* Fate.

*Cort.* Speak not such dismal Words as wound my Ear:  
Nor name Death to me, when *Cydaria's* there.  
Despair not, Sir; who knows but conquering *Spain*  
May Part of what you lost restore again?

*Mont.* No, *Spaniard*; know, he who to Empire born,  
Lives to be less, deserves the Victor's Scorn:  
Kings and their Crowns have but one Destiny:  
Pow'r is their Life; when that expires, they die.

*Cyd.* What dreadful Words are these!

*Mont.* — Name Life no more;  
'Tis now a Torture worse than all I bore:  
I'll not be brib'd to suffer Life, but die,  
In spite of your mistaken Clemency.  
I was your Slave, and I was used like one;  
The Shame continues, when the Pain is gone:  
But I'm a King while this is in my Hand — [*His Sword.*  
He wants no Subjects, who can Death command:

You

You should have ty'd him up, t'have conquer'd me,  
But he's still mine, and thus he sets me free [*Stabs himself.*]

*Cyd.* Oh my dear Father!

*Cort.* — Haste, break ope' the Door.

*Alm.* When that is forced, there yet remain two more.

[*The Soldiers break open the first Door, and go in.*]

We shall have time enough to take our Way,  
Ere any can our fatal Journey stay.

*Mont.* Already mine is past: O Pow'r's divine  
Take my last Thanks; no longer I repine:  
I might have liv'd my own Mishaps to mourn,  
While some would pity me, but more would scorn!  
For Pity only on fresh Objects stays:  
But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays.  
Still less and less my boiling Spirits flow;  
And I grow stiff as cooling Metals do:

Farewel, *Almeria*—

[*Dies.*]

*Cyd.* — He's gone, he's gone,  
And leaves poor me defenceless here alone.

*Alm.* You shall not long be so: Prepare to die,  
That you may bear your Father Company.

*Cyd.* Oh name not Death to me; you fright me so,  
That with the Fear I shall prevent the Blow:  
I know your Mercy's more than to destroy  
A thing so young, so innocent, as I.

*Cort.* Whence can proceed thy cruel Thirst of Blood,  
Ah! barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,  
Too mild for thee: There's Pity in that Name,  
But thou hast lost thy Pity, with thy Shame.

*Alm.* Your cruel Words have pierc'd me to the Heart;  
But on my Rival I'll revenge my Smart.

*Cort.* Oh stay your Hand, and to redeem my Fault,  
I'll speak the kindest Words—  
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought.  
Dear — Lovely — Sweet —

*Alm.* This but offends me more;  
You act your Kindness on *Cydaria's* Score.

*Cyd.* For his dear sake let me my Life receive.

*Alm.* Fool, for his sake alone you must not live:  
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,  
And I'll make sure he ne'er shall be for thee.

*Cyd.* But what's my Crime?

*Alm.*



*Alm.* — 'Tis loving where I love.

*Cyd.* Your own Example does my Act approve.

*Alm.* 'Tis such a Fault I never can forgive.

*Cyd.* How can I mend, unless you let me live?  
I yet am tender, young, and full of Fear,  
And dare not die, but fain would tarry here.

*Cort.* If Blood you seek, I will my own resign:  
O spare her Life, and in exchange take mine.

*Alm.* The Love you shew but hastes her Death the more.

*Cort.* I'll run, and help to force the inner Door.

*[Is going in haste.]*

*Alm.* Stay, *Spaniard*, stay, depart not from my Eyes:  
That Moment that I lose your Sight, she dies.  
To look on you I'll grant a short Reprieve.

*Cort.* O make your Gift more full, and let her live:  
I dare not go; and yet how dare I stay!  
Her I would save, I murder either way.

*Cyd.* Can you be so hard-hearted, to destroy  
My ripening Hopes, that are so near to Joy?  
I just approach to all I would possess:  
Death only stands 'twixt me and Happiness.

*Alm.* Your Father, with his Life, has lost his Throne:  
Your Country's Freedom and Renown is gone.  
Honour requires your Death: You must obey.

*Cyd.* Do you die first; and shew me then the way.

*Alm.* Should you not follow, my Revenge were lost.

*Cyd.* Then rise again, and fright me with your Ghost.

*Alm.* I will not trust to that, since Death I chuse,  
I'll not leave you that Life which I refuse:  
If Death's a Pain, it is not less to me;  
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.  
But hark! the Noise increases from behind,  
They're near, and may prevent what I design'd:  
Take there a Rival's Gift—— *[Stabs her.]*

*Cort.* Perdition seize thee for so black a Deed.

*Alm.* Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:  
I'll thus revenge thee with this fatal Blow; *[Stabs herself.]*  
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.

*Cyd.* Stay Life, and keep me in the chearful Light;  
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night.  
Thou leav'st me, Life, but Love supplies thy Part,  
And keeps me warm by ling'ring in my Heart:

Yet

Yet dying for him, I thy Claim remove ;  
 How dear it costs to conquer in my Love !  
 Now strike : That Thought, I hope, will arm my Breast.

*Alm.* Ah with what differing Passions am I prest !

*Cyd.* Death, when far off, did terrible appear ;  
 But looks less dreadful as he comes more near.

*Alm.* O Rival, I have lost the Power to kill ;  
 Strength hath forsok my Arm, and Rage my Will :  
 I must surmount that Love which thou hast shown :  
 Dying for him is due to me alone.  
 Thy Weakness shall not boast the Victory,  
 Now thou shalt live, and dead I'll conquer thee :  
 Soldiers, assist me down.

[*Exeunt from above led by Soldiers, and enter both led by Cortez.*]

*Cort.* Is there no Danger then ? [To *Cydaria*.

*Cyd.* — You need not fear

My Wound, I cannot die when you are near.

*Cort.* You for my sake, Life to *Cydaria* give ; [To *Alm.*  
 And I could die for you, if you might live.

*Alm.* Enough, I die content, now you are kind ;  
 Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind :  
 Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.

[*Cydaria starts back.*]

You need not fear my Rage a second Time :  
 I'll bathe your Wounds in Tears for my Offence :  
 That Hand which made it, makes this Recompence.

[*Ready to join their Hands.*]

I would have join'd you, but my Heart's too high :  
 You will, too soon possess him when I die.

*Cort.* She faints, O softly set her down.

*Alm.* — 'Tis past !

In thy lov'd Bosom let me breathe my last.  
 Here in this one short Moment that I live,  
 I have what'er the longest Life could give — [Dies.

*Cort.* Farewel, thou generous Maid : Ev'n Victory,  
 Glad as it is, must lend some Tears to thee :  
 Many I dare not shed, lest you believe [To *Cydaria*.  
 I Joy in you less than for her I grieve.

*Cyd.* But are you sure she's dead ?  
 I must embrace you fast, before I know  
 Whether my Life be yet secure or no :

Some

Some other Hour I will to Tears allow ;  
But having you, can shew no Sorrow now.

*Enter Guyomar and Alibech bound, with Soldiers.*

*Cort.* Prince *Guyomar* in Bonds ! O Friendship's Shame !  
It makes me blush to own a Victor's Name.

*[Unbinds him, Cydaria, Alibech.*

*Cyd.* See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there :  
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

*[Alibech kneels and kisses her dead Sister.]*

*Cort.* Live, and enjoy more than your Conqueror :

*[To Guyomar.*

Take all my Love, and share in all my Power.

*Guy.* Think me not proudly rude, if I forsake  
Those Gifts I cannot with my Honour take :  
I for my Country fought, and would again,  
Had I yet left a Country to maintain :  
But since the Gods decreed it otherwise,  
I never will on its dear Ruins rise.

*Alib.* Of all your Goodness leaves to our dispose,  
Our Liberty's the only Gift we chuse :  
Absence alone can make our Sorrows less ;  
And not to see what we can ne'er redress.

*Guy.* Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,  
Where Rocks lie cover'd with eternal Snow,  
Thin Herbage in the Plains and fruitless Fields,  
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields :  
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy ;  
No *Spaniards* will that Colony destroy.  
We to ourselves will all our Wishes grant ;  
And nothing coveting can nothing want.

*Cort.* First, your great Father's Funeral Pomp provide :  
That done, in Peace your generous Exiles guide ;  
While I loud Thanks pay to the Powers above,  
Thus doubly blest, with Conquest, and with Love.

*[Exeunt.]*

# EPILOGUE.

By a MERCURY.

**T**O all and singular in this full Meeting,  
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus sends ye greeting.  
To all his Sons by what'e'r Title known,  
Whether of Court, or Coffee-House, or Town;  
From his most mighty Sons, whose Confidence  
Is plac'd in lofty Sound, and humble Sense,  
E'en to his little Infants of the Time,  
Who write new Songs, and trust in Tune and Rhyme.  
Be't known that Phœbus (being daily griev'd  
To see good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd)  
Ordains your Judgment upon ev'ry Cause,  
Henceforth be limited by wholesome Laws.  
He first thinks fit no Sonneteer advance  
His Censure, farther than the Song or Dance.  
Your Wit Burlesque may one Step higher climb,  
And in his Sphere may judge all Doggrel Rhyme:  
All Proves, and Moves, and Loves, and Honours too:  
All that appears high Sense, and scarce is low.  
As for the Coffee-wits he says not much,  
Their proper Business is to damn the Dutch:  
For the great Dons of Wit——  
Phœbus gives them full Privilege alone  
To damn all others, and cry up their own.  
Last, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's Will  
They should have Power to save, but not to kill:  
For Love and he long since have thought it fit;  
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.

F I N I S.



